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DRUMMER

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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 5

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Cover: Charles Gatewood

This page: Photo courtesy of Mr. S Products (page 12)

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

Blonde deutsche Jungs als Sex-Sklaven nach USA verkauft

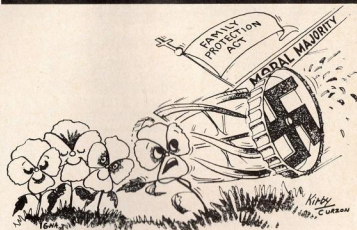


Sex-Sklaven: Sie wurden ihre oder umgekehrt

GERMAN SEX SLAVES

A reader in Germany sent us clippings from a national newspaper similar to our own *National Enquirer* with banner headlines proclaiming: **BLOND GERMAN BOYS SOLD TO THE U.S. AS SEX SLAVES.** The story that followed was as unbelievable as the headline. According to the paper, which based its information on statements by an American police detective, Lloyd Martin (Los Angeles)—perhaps remembered by *Drummer* readers as the mastermind of the infamous 'Slave Auction' raid a few years back—young German boys between the ages of 10 and 14 are kidnapped by procurers off the streets of major German cities, drugged, and shipped to the U.S. where they are sold as sex slaves to rich American homosexuals. According to Martin, who has never been known to separate truth from his own fantasies, "In homosexual circles the ownership of a German sex slave is something like a status symbol." An FBI agent, unnamed by the paper but obviously suffering from the same delusions as Lloyd Martin, is quoted, "An organized gang looks for victims and offers them a coke or dinner." The newspaper goes on to say that two U.S. Congressmen and a Senator are involved in this 'ring' and that arrests have been made. (Ironically none of this scandal has appeared in the U.S. press.) Our German reader added that unfortunately the newspaper did not give the locations of any of the restaurants where these alleged sex slaves were kidnapped. If they had, he intended to hang out there and see if he, too, could join the ranks of these imaginary sex slaves. But it's probably just as well; according to the newspaper the slaves were constantly drugged and either go insane or are killed before they reach 20. Where these facts come from is just a little questionable since Martin has been unable to name a single victim, kidnapper, or homosexual slave owner. However, where Martin gets the money to travel around the world and spread tales of this fanciful 'Homosexual Conspiracy' is somewhat easier to substantiate. □

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:



"Pansies, Arise!"

DRY ENDING?

First let me tell you that I really dug *Golden Showers* (*Drummer* No. 48) and it was the first thing I read after I looked at all the pictures in the magazine the day I bought it. It's the best piss story you have ever printed. But I have a big complaint; what happened at the end? I don't believe that's all there was to it, because things were just getting started as far as I'm concerned. Did you cop out? Did you decide enough was enough? Did you lose the last part? Come on, guys, what happened?

B. Alders
Washington, DC

(Editor's Note: Terrance Sagan says that what happened next is history and didn't need to be spelled (spilled?) out. If you read the newspapers — and why bother when you have *Drummer* — you know that Red became Red Adair, world famous gush-capper. Red can handle any size gush anywhere in the world, even under the most impossible conditions — like on his knees under a table at Maxim's during a seven course meal with three French wines.)

RED QUEEN SPEAKS

In issue number 47, you try to justify your recent Nazi sex-fantasy on the grounds that it was just a joke, and not meant to be taken seriously. But isn't that like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire? What kind of people think Nazis are funny, anyway? "We're not fascists," you would have us believe, "just stupid."

The fact is you're neither. All you really care about is making a quick buck by whatever gimmick you can. Whether Gay or straight, people like you are lowering the quality of life for us all.

Arthur Evans
San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: Believe it or not, we received this letter months after its writer contacted virtually everybody and anybody about his opinion on our little Nazi satire. After appearing before organizations to seek a condemnation of *DRUMMER* without bothering to actually show the article, quoting individual sentences out of context and claiming that *DRUMMER* was advocating gay fascism, he has now come to us direct, which should have been done in the first place. And he signed his letter with his real name this time.

As far as "quick bucks" go, Mr. Evans is the author of a rather humorous book entitled "Witchcraft and the Gay Counter-culture" and which retails for considerably more than anything *DRUMMER* has ever published.

But we can nit-pick this little tempest-in-a-teapot to death. We feel that if a grown man has a beef, he confronts you immediately and direct. Mr. Evans has finally done the latter, but probably not for the last time.)

LIKED AMSTERDAM

Praises for *The Amsterdam Incident* in *Drummer* No. 41! This was, perhaps, the most literate piece of fiction I've seen in any of your publications, and one of the hottest. I speak for several of

my friends as well as myself when I say that we are eager to see more work from Ron Harvie.

You've got a fantastic magazine; more work of this caliber would make it even more exciting.

Bradley
Cincinnati, OH

BREATHLESS

I've heard through a number of bar acquaintances that there is a group or club in New York interested in my greatest desire, choking. No one seems to know the name of this group or how to get in touch with them. Do you have any records on them? Please let me know.

Louis
New York, NY

(Editor's Note: It is too tempting to make galloways jokes like, all the members were strangled. But, no we've never heard of them. Is there a hand-die color for choking?)

MAILING LISTS

I demand that you people stop selling my name and address. I have received advertising from someone named "Folsom Group," the "Scatological Society" and the "Ambush" all addressed the same way my DRUMMER subscription is. You have said that you do not lend or sell your mailing lists. What gives?

R. Metz
San Francisco, CA

(We have not and we do not. The people who are sending you solicitations got your name and address by lifting it from DRUMMER's files or got it from the ones who did. We appreciate getting information on anything you receive through the mail addressed identically to your DRUMMER subscription. It is building our case.)

COVER

Boris Vallejo, a name you might remember from his visually striking poster for The St. Mark's Baths, and Spider Webb, one of the premiere names in tattoo art, held a two-man show at the Tattoo Gallery in Woodstock, New York to unveil work that will appear in two new books in 1982. Boris Vallejo's *Mirages* will be published by Ballantine Books and Spider Webb's *Flash Tattoos On Paper and Skin* will be published by R. Mutt Fine Art Editions. Spider Webb has recently authored, along with Charles Gatewood, *The Art of Pushing Ink*, a lavish oversized paperback that traces the origins and designs of contemporary tattoos and is profusely illustrated with Spider Webb's work and Charles Gatewood's photographs. The cover of this issue is a painting by Boris Vallejo that incorporates both that artist's amazing vision and Spider Webb's unique tattoo-design perspective. The painting was photographed by Charles Gatewood.

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED



BATTLE OF THE BIG DICKS



It use to be that cocksmanship was measured by the accuracy of ones lance in a jousting tournament or the swift flight and bulseye of ones arrow, or the marksmanship of hip-shooting a rifle at a moving target—all metaphors for the exclusively male sex organ commonly called 'the dick'.

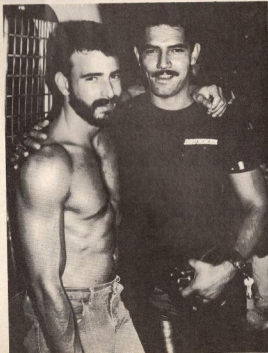
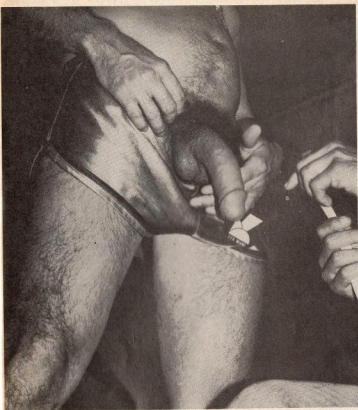
From the nights of the knights to the supermilitary industrial complex, the shape of the phallus has been used as the ultimate weapon and the universal symbol for masculinity. Even church spires, capping institutions where masculinity is of absolutely no consequence—look like erect cocks.

So, if you really think about it, history is filled with contests over which man had the biggest (read: most threatening) cock. And as society has become more portable, the symbols for the cock have gotten smaller and smaller; till now the handgun has become the cock extension of the sexually insecure and the genitally-disenfranchised. Little cocks make for big flapping ids.

Getting away from the use of symbols for the phallus and letting the size of the rod set its own impression is a current trend much maligned by the psuedopsychological set. Head doctors, children of witchdoctors, decry that a man can not be measured by the size of his tool. That's unfair, cries the leathercouch crowd, nature makes big dicks, not personal growth. All I can say to that is this: Show me a man with a 10 and I'll show you a man that's at least halfway to superstuddom.

Contests based on who's got the biggest wang have been going on since two guys first got together in the back of a cave and pulled aside their leapord skins. In garages, in shower rooms, in alleys, in the last pew in church; guys have been whipping it out and getting it hard to see who was 'king' of the sausage.





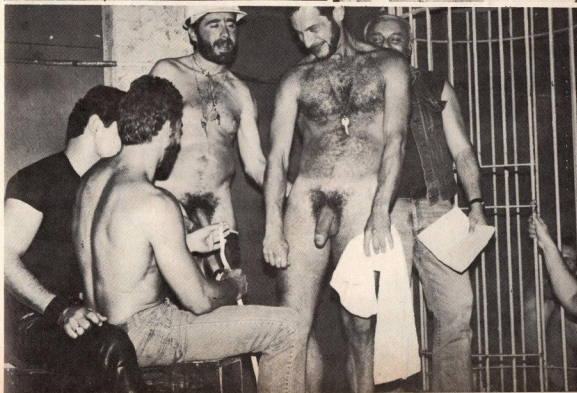
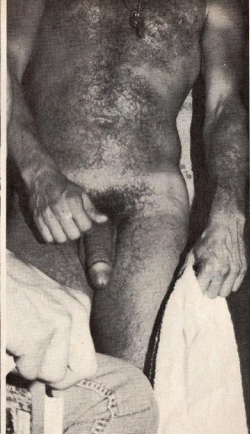
Various mythologies have arisen about race and size. In the rural southern states one of the roots of racial prejudice against blacks was based on the fear held by white men that a juicy black cock measuring an impressive 9 or 10 could turn the heads of belles away from the finger-weenies of their husbands. Not all blacks have telephone pole cocks (and not all WASPS are under the national average)—but sex and the dick-threat are powerful medicine.

The slender young Taorminan youths photographed by Wilhelm von Gloeden at the turn of the century (96 pound boys with 98 pound genitals) gave evidence to the Italian horse-cock myth. Most Italians are hairy, some are hung, some are blond-haired, some are absolute assholes. Racial generalities seldom hold up.

So here is the latest battle of the big dicks, held in San Francisco at the Bulldog Baths. Last time I went to such a contest, all the entries were measured in private in the manager's office and someone one came out at midnight and announced that the winner had 12½". I didn't see it, so I don't believe it.

A lot of guys don't want to brag, so some of the biggest cocks in San Francisco stayed away—but what showed up was impressive. □

**Text by Terrance Sagan
Photos by R. Fenton**



OUR LEATHER SANTA



The Chastity Cockring, at \$11.50, comes complete with padlock and adjusts to fit the biggest equipment. From Mr. S Products. (San Francisco).

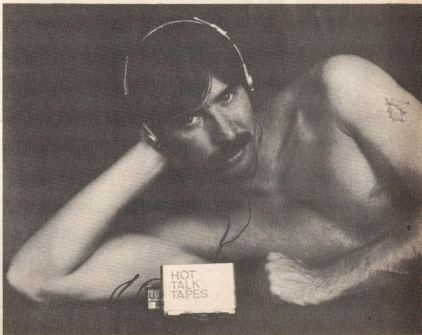
Keeping everything out front, the Intensifier Belt by Leatherworld (San Francisco) is adjustable and comes with a double cockring.

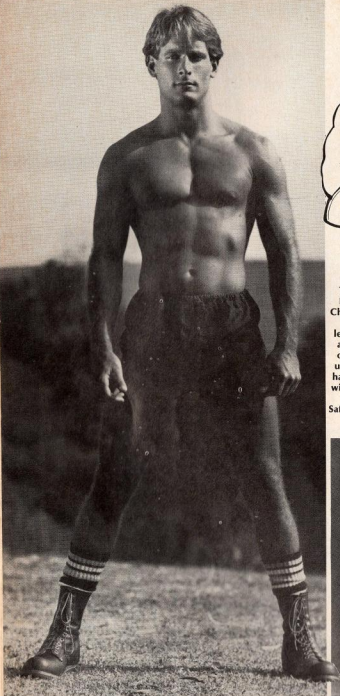


GIFTING GIFTS

Above: Two versions of leather jackets from the large collection available at The Pleasure Chest (Los Angeles). Prices range from \$195. to \$360. The Pleasure Chest also stocks a tremendous assortment of leather accessories.

Stallion Productions has an alternative to the Christmas carol in their Hot Talk Tapes. Professionally produced, the tapes run \$10 each and include such themes as: The Commander Speaks, Marines Overheard, Muscle Builder Orgy, and Hot Hung Trucker. Photo by Jon Ericson. A brochure is available. Also recommended is Fist Goodbody's Traveling Torture Show, the first heavy metal S&M rock album with a live performance by the Prince of Pain. Cassette is \$9.95 from: The Studstore, 278 Eleventh St., San Francisco, CA 94103.






Top: The Black Harness Boot from The Pleasure Chest (Los Angeles) steps in at a low \$69. The leather baseball cap tops at \$16., and you can slip on the leather briefs for under \$80. Below: These handmade enginer boots with Vibram soles are 20" high and \$165. from Saico Boot Company (San Jose).



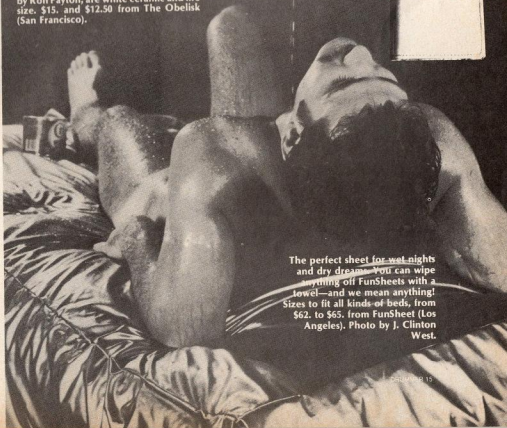
The NATO physical training shorts are a re-issue of those worn by troops in Western Germany. Each pair is authentic and reconditioned. Navy Blue only, but only \$7 from International Male (San Diego).



A safe place for mad money (and plastic money) is this all-leather clip wallet from Options Plus (San Francisco), which fits in your boot top. At about \$15 retail, this is a real steal.

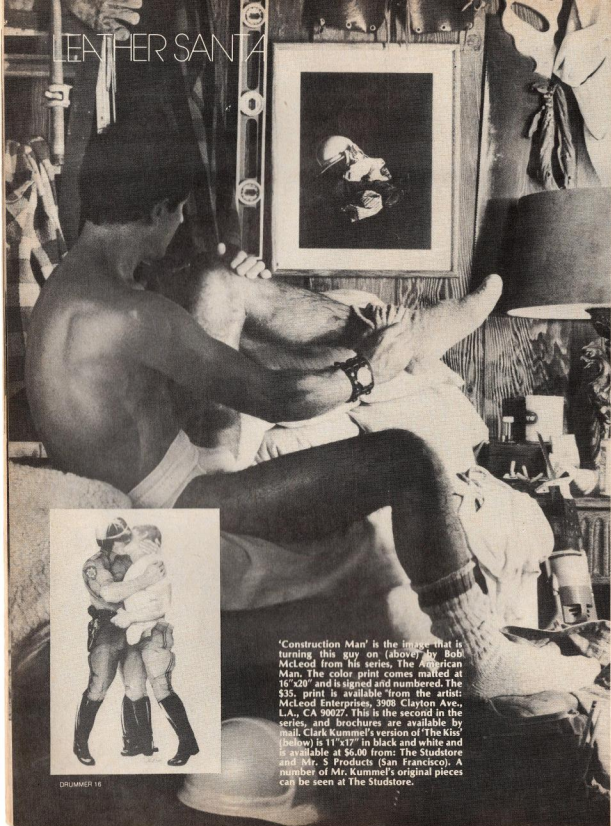


The Cock Budvase and the Cock Coathanger, both cast from real equipment by Ron Payton, are white ceramic and life size. \$15. and \$12.50 from The Obelisk (San Francisco).

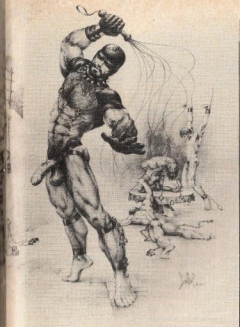


The perfect sheet for wet nights and dry dreams—you can wipe anything off FunSheets with a towel—and we mean anything! Sizes to fit all kinds of beds, from \$62. to \$65. from FunSheet (Los Angeles). Photo by J. Clinton West.

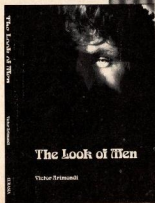
LEATHER SANTA



'Construction Man' is the image that is turning this guy on (above) by Bob McLeod from his series, The American Man. The color print comes matted at 16"x20" and is signed and numbered. The \$35. print is available from the artist: McLeod Enterprises, 3908 Clayton Ave., L.A., CA 90027. This is the second in the series, and brochures are available by mail. Clark Kummel's version of 'The Kiss' (below) is 11"x17" in black and white and is available at \$6.00 from: The Studstore and Mr. S Products (San Francisco). A number of Mr. Kummel's original pieces can be seen at The Studstore.



Jackel's newest poster, above, is 18" x 23", and comes in a signed edition for \$10. from The Studstore (San Francisco). Victor Arimondi's *The Look Of Men* (below) is a hardcover, lavish look at some of the world's sexiest men. At \$30.00, also signed, it's a bargain trip around the world. Available from the 551 Gallery.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE



Robert Payne

DRUMMER 15

Among the questions I am asked most often is "Where can I find a Master?" There is an impassioned plea of how they have looked everywhere and cannot find a top to train them and make them shape up. It is true that masters are in short supply and that bottoms exist in much larger numbers, say like ten to one.

However, the next thing the would-be slave tells me is what he is looking for, then what he wants and what he wants done to him and for him. I say that I am asked this often especially lately and it isn't because I am standing on street corners with a sign around my neck. As it happens I ran an ad in DRUMMER some time back for a slave-houseboy. The deal was legitimate and I stated my case, putting in a telephone number. That was a big mistake. Although I am home very little, when I was, the phone rang off the hook, all through the night. Not all of them were heavy beaters or jack-offs, although I am sure that most had their hands on their dicks when they finished dialing. But for all the flakes I had to talk to and hang up on, there were quite a few that were sincerely looking for someone to take over their lives. The one I ended up with (although the phone continues to ring all the time) you might be interested in. If not, turn the page and read Larry Townsend or answer your own fucking ad in the classifieds.

O.K. So this night the phone rings and I growl hello into it. A young guy's voice goes into the song and dances about how he is answering the ad for a houseboy-slave, Sir, and his name is Gary something. He assured me that he was local, not calling from Pittsburgh or Des Moines or worse.

"How old are you?"
"Twenty-five, Sir."

"How tall and what do you weigh?"
"Five-ten, Sir and about 155, Sir."

Pause. He knew he was wrong with that 'about.'

I let it pass. "Tight ass?"
"Yes, Sir."

"Good cocksucker?"
"Yes, Sir. Very good, Sir."

There was no point in getting more descriptions. Either he was acceptable or he wasn't. Half of that acceptability depended on attitude.

I gave him the address and told him to be here in a half hour and not one minute later. "Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Is there anything special you want me to wear, Sir?"

Good boy. "Wear some old levis and a T-shirt. That's it. And if you are going to be late, don't bother."

Exactly twenty-five minutes later the doorbell rang. I opened the door and there stood my 'five-ten, about 155' applicant. He had blondish hair with very blue eyes. He had on a faded T-shirt that was too small for him and torn jeans. He was barefoot and his hands were behind his back. I motioned for him to enter and he stood in the hall, waiting for my appraisal.

"Strip, boy."

"Yes Sir." The jeans dropped and he practically ripped the shirt off.

"Pick them up and fold them up." He had a triangular patch of blonde hair on a pretty well developed chest. The hair tapered down around his belly then to his crotch where a fat prick stood straight out. He seemed embarrassed by that.

"Turn around."

Small waist, tight buns and fairly heavy legs. He could use a tan but that could be accomplished easily by having him working out of doors nude.

"Follow me, boy."

I returned to my study where I had been sitting before an open fire, reading. The new applicant stood before me, hands behind his back. His prick hadn't subsided much although his balls had relaxed a little and hung considerably lower. When I got around to looking into his eyes, I saw some fear, more than a little curiosity and who knows what else. I told him to tell me what his experience had been and what he wanted out of his servitude. The story I got was pretty sketchy. He had had a few weekend trips with someone who mostly beat him, then ignored him. He played bottom whenever he picked someone up in a leather bar—or rather when someone picked him up. He said he had a good job, his own apartment and car but was willing to give that up to belong to and serve another man, preferably one older than him. In selling himself he offered to work and turn over everything he had or made to his master as long as he was taken care of and his decisions were made for him. He said that he worked out fairly often, wanted to do it far more regularly and heavily. Anything, anything to please his owner.

"Very nice, kid. How the hell do I know that you won't want out after a couple days of heavy training? I'm not interested in investing the time and

energy it is going to take to turn you into a real slave. You want to suck my cock, come on over here. I'll kick your ass around if you wish and put you through your paces but I'll be damned if I am going to waste much time on a telephone trick."

"Sir, you want me to sign papers? I'll be your slave as long as you want me then you can sell me or give me away if I don't please you." The bastard fell to his knees. "Please Sir, use me any way you want. Just let me be your boy."

"Let's get it straight. If you even stay here tonight, here is what is going to happen to you. First we are going to do away with some of that ego. You are going to stop worrying about yourself and what you want. A slave has one concern and that is pleasing his master. That is your only concern."

"If I am going to be responsible for you then you are going to be exactly what I want you to be. Really what you should be if you could do it by yourself."

He was looking at his bare feet on the floor. Very softly he said, "What would you do to—with me, Sir?"

"That is really none of your business after you agree to become my property. However, at the moment it is a fair question, although I don't recall your asking permission to ask it. We are going to take you into the bathroom and shave your fucking slave's body. Then I am going to tie your balls to a ring on the floor and your balls to a ring on the floor and I we are going into the basement and I am going to put rings on your tits."

"Another good beating and you'll be ready for your collar and ball stretcher, which you will always have on. Then if I think you are worthy, I'll put shackles on your worthless body and let you sleep at the foot of my bed. Before you go to sleep, I will give you instructions for first thing in the morning. Any questions?"

"None, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

And that is exactly what we did for the next couple of hours. I did leave the hair on his legs and arms and I only clipped his chest hair. But the rest of him was as smooth as the day he was born. I placed a pair of light but insistent clips on his nipples and fastened the very undersized cockring that he was finally able to get on to the ring on the floor and took a three-inch belt to every inch of his body except his head,

lower back and genitals. He lay quietly at first then began squirming and anticipating each stroke of the belt. Finally he was whimpering and begging quietly with, "Please, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Please, Sir." I worked on the soles of his feet and as he moved them out of the way I ordered him to hold them together and up so that I could belt them more easily. He did as he was told. I worked on his calves then his thighs and finally finished on the area where the belting had started. His very red ass.

"What do you say, boy?"

"Thank you, Sir. I appreciate it, Sir." I moved around to the front of where he was lying face-down on the floor. The top of my boot pressed against his mouth. He began to lick it; slowly, then with much more enthusiasm. It was a good sign. His fair skin was covered with angry red marks, not welts since I had no intention of marking him up. A wide belt doesn't cut as does a narrow one or a thin whip.

"Take off my boot."

He reached up without raising up (a hard thing to do when your balls are fastened to the floor) and pulled off the boot he had been licking. I put my stinking foot to his mouth and he gripped the sock with his teeth and pulled. He then began licking and sucking my bare foot. I had to admit he was good at it.

"Ready to get your tits pierced, boy?"

A pause. "Anytime you say, Sir."

I unfastened the clip that connected his cockring to the ring on the floor. He crawled after me to the kitchen and I ordered him to get up on the big old-fashioned table. I got out the needles and couple of stainless steel rings about the size of a nickel in circumference. I ran my hand over his chest and lifted up on the tit clamps. He raised with them, gasping a little but saying nothing. I pulled them off and he gave a low moan, for which he got a smart smack with the back of my hand across the side of his face.

A little alcohol, a job with the needle and nylon thread that had been soaking in peroxide and his right tit was pierced. I put the ring through, dabbed at the drop of blood that started to run down his pec and repeated the process on the left nipple. There were tears in his eyes but there was no sound. He was gritting his teeth.

Then I examined his no longer turgid cock. He had been circumcised but there was enough loose skin under

the head for another ring job. I found one (about the size of a half dollar) I had been saving for just such an occasion. Now the guy was really getting uptight.

So my neophyte slave got a ring through what was left of his foreskin to match the two in his tits. I knew they would be too sore to fasten together with a light chain that evening but there was always later. In my enthusiasm I had been hobbling around with one boot on and one off. So we paraded back to my den, me hobbling and him crawling. I had the foresight to bring a fresh cold can of beer from the kitchen and I plunked myself down in my favorite chair again and stared at the remains of the fire. My slave knelt back in his position in front of me, the heat from the fireplace warming his sensitive rear. "My other boot," I ordered, and he almost jumped to pull it off, then removed my sock again with his teeth.

He squatted there like an affectionate dog, licking my feet, happy in his subservience. A very domestic picture indeed.

Finally we went to bed. I made him kneel down alongside the bed to say his prayers while I fastened some good heavy authentic marine shackles to each ankle and each wrist. They were held together with chain and the two chains connected with a shorter chain.

"These are your 'pajamas' boy. If you are allowed to get in bed with me, you don't rub them up against me, understand asshole?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

"Lay down alongside the bed. If I want you I'll let you know." I heard the clank of the chains as he settled down on the small rug beside the bed. "When the alarm goes off in the morning I want you up and into the kitchen making coffee. Then you bring it back here and get your head down between my legs. I like to wake up with a blow job."

"Yes Sir."

"Get up here, boy."

"Turn over, asshole." He did and I pushed my hard dick against his ass. "You want it dry, boy?"

He understood and went down slobbering all over it. I grabbed him by the hair and made him turn over again. The wet hard tip separated his asscheeks. I felt that little hole, quivering in anticipation. One thrust and the head was in. He was gasping. I turned him on his belly and shoved myself all the way in. This time he cried out. I pulled it out and he screamed again. In again, this time a lot easier and a lot quieter.

"Get your ass in the air." He did and I turned him every way but loose. It didn't take long to really fill him with a

full load. He was on his knees and I had his swollen balls in my right hand. I slapped his sides as I fucked him, riding him like a newly broken colt. I came with a roar and pulled out fast and painfully, turning him over and thrusting my dripping cock into his mouth. He licked it clean and I kicked him out of bed.

He lay back on his rug and when everything was quiet, I heard a soft, "Thank you, Sir." The slave had passed his first tests.

The next morning when the alarm went off I heard the chains change position but little else. I got up and reached for The Belt. He heard me and started to get up.

"Stay where you are!" In about five minutes last night's belt marks were re-established.

"When it is time to get up, you get up you sonofabitch!" There were a lot of "Yes, Sirs" and "I'm sorry, Sirs" and "Please, Sirs" as he crawled to the kitchen with me behind him belting his ass. I had a piss-hard on and after dropping the belt, I held him by the hair as I shoved it into his mouth. He started to suck and got slapped for it. I pissed down his throat while he manfully struggled to swallow as fast as it came. He couldn't and I yanked it out of his mouth, pissing all over his kneeling body.

"Clean it up and get that coffee ready."

"Yes, Sir." I went back to bed.

He came back with the coffee, knelt down and put his head between my legs. I had a rather passable blow job while I drank coffee and looked at the morning paper.

"Call your office and tell them you won't be in today," I said as I headed for the shower.

And so it began. The next evening I decided to try my skill as an army barber and took clippers to his head. No recruit ever got a shorter or a worse haircut. That day he continued to wear the shackles and when I got home that evening, the house was immaculate, the fire started, dinner ready to serve and a tired but happy slave kneeling at my feet. We cut the legs off of his levis and the bottom half of his T-shirt got clipped. "Dressed" he was bare-legged and barefoot with his midriff just as bare. I fastened a small chain between the rings on his nipples and another chain from the center of that to the ring on his prick which therefore had to press up against his belly, necessitating his having to lay down on the toilet to pee (with permission, of course). Or just letting the liquid run down his legs.

I decided the guy had the makings of a showpiece. By now he had quit his job, cleared out his apartment and sold

his car. The money was put into a trust which required my signature for him to get at it. Essentially he had nothing, money, property, freedom, problems, decisions to make or even a name. He was "Boy" or any of a dozen expletives that I chose to call him.

As he continued his strict and heavy schedule at the gym and in my hillside back yard, his body began to respond very fast. His shoulders, chest, legs and arms showed the heavy exercise and work that he was being subjected to. His skin took on a golden glow from the sun, with no tan lines except for the chain around his neck. As his hair grew back, it would be removed and I added a ring to his navel and right ear. His diet consisted of table scraps after I had eaten and a mixture of protein powder, yeast, raw eggs, and god-knowswhat prescribed by the expert at the gym.

When we went out to the bars on rare occasions, he wore his leather collar and what was left of his shirt and jeans. The chain between his tits and cock now had become a triangle and centered one's focus on the bulge between his bulging thighs. I had a number of offers for him but other than a loan or two, I never considered selling him.

If you think this is a do-it-yourself article, maybe it is. With my permission you can feel up my boy, even get your rocks off. I don't care if you want to smack him around under my supervision. I don't want the merchandise damaged but go ahead and use it, even abuse it. That is what it is for. But the next time you see us in a bar or at a run and you wonder who the blonde deals with the muscles and chains belongs to and whether or not it is open season, wonder no more. Don't try to talk to him. You won't get shit out of him. Come on over, say hello and give me a look at your slave. I'll return the courtesy.

You don't have a slave? Then go out and find one like I did. Even more, spend the time and trouble, the patience to shape him up and make him happy. The rewards of all that effort is standing before me now at attention, except for his arms behind him. He is naked just like he has been all this time. The metal he has on is permanent and he has cast his old life behind.

Now if you are thinking of such a commitment, think again. How serious are you and who is going to make it a reality for you?

Think about it and keep your hands away from that growing bulge in your pants, boy. □

FLESH

STRAIGHT
TO
HELL
Volume Two



LOVE AND HATE FOR THE AMERICAN STRAIGHT

Politically, *Straight To Hell* (and the anthologies *Meat/Flesh*) are libertine. Pro-homosexual, pro-women, pro- all minorities; anti-"straight", anti-American, un-American. You can't beat them, but at least hassle them.

Straight To Hell is not for the bourgeois who must try to be refined but for the true elite who

must try to be coarse. Not for the black of heart, who must wear a surface niceness, but for the basically innocent who can afford to talk coarsely. But while always coarse, we are never vulgar.

We do not advocate the overthrow of the American government. Johnson and Nixon and Reagan, and their millions of followers have already seen to that. They have south-americanized America.

"Straights" have a surface charm that comes from their membership in the overpowering sexual majority. This gives them a certain fearlessness that passes for masculinity. But at heart they are too timid and terrified of homosexuality to be of any real interest. Only men with balls dare to be different. The frightened ones do what the government or the church tells them. Usually this is: make war and money, not love. They need all the money and adventure they can get. But they are America's true perverts, because killing is the final perversion and America has become history's most unpredictable killer.

"Fag Baiting" is a sex substitute and additive. It is fighting homosexuality by fighting homosexuals. It is also a cover for homosexuality.

It stems from the feeling that if "straights" are carrying out their sexual assignments, why don't homosexuals have to? As the square press exposes "straights" for being corrupt, we expose them for being sexual frauds.

We don't reason with fag baiters—they need it too much. We are a journal of revenge therapy and simply call them names too. We are not racist; we hate all fag-baiters equally.

We oppose not only poor white trash but middle-class white trash, rich white trash, and famous white trash (like Nixon and Agnew). We support the minority of American men who are decent, like Ramsey Clark, Ralph Nader and Daniel Ellsberg.

Many more women than men are decent. We wish them power. The

only hope lies in girls growing up in this society or boys growing up in a later culture which does not instill in them the fear that it's sissy to be peaceful.

But right now, a majority of American men are mad in both senses: they are insane and they are enraged. They have really bombed. We don't want their respect since we have none for them. There are no born "straights", but many act "straight". We don't like actors.

—Boyd McDonald

SUCKING COCK AT MILITARY SCHOOL

Here is my first experience when I was in military school. There were many others, but there was only one first time. The first weeks were a blur of running to and from formations, being yelled at by every older boy, asking for permission to drink from a fountain, to piss, to shit, and being ordered to brace (stand at attention) for what seemed like hours.

One of the 3rd-formers who had undergone the treatment the year before told me to let the "crybabies" bear the brunt of the hazings, and that's what happened.

Most of the action took place after lights out, and some of my classmates came to dread that hour which usually began with the 2nd-formers prowling our quarters.

The first night it happened, my three roommates and I were almost asleep when our door opened and two upperclassmen appeared. They routed us out of bed and ordered us to strip off our pajamas, which three of us did, but our fourth roommate decided he'd had enough ordering about. Delighted at this act of disobedience, the older boys grabbed our roommate and while one held him, the other one tore off his pajamas, squeezing his nipples and pinching him.

They told us our roommate would be punished for not obeying an order and that we'd better shut up and watch.

Both upperclassmen opened their robes, revealing that they were wearing only jock straps. The jocks were bulging and carried the strong



photo circa 1957
San Francisco North Beach

odor of sweat. They threw their robes to the floor and I noticed for the first time that both guys were wearing their garrison belts above their jock straps. They threw our roommate to the floor, and while telling us how much pain they were going to inflict on his bare ass, they were gently rubbing the pouches of their jocks, almost like they were talking to themselves, but making sure our roommate would be reduced to a blubbering "crybaby".



One of the guys knelt in front of our roommate and held his arms so he couldn't move; the other bent over to take aim at the naked ass, tensed up in terror.

When the first blow smacked the bare flesh, our roommate must have come off the floor a couple of inches. He let out a loud yell. The guy with the belt quickly stripped down his jock and the two of them rammied it into the boy's mouth to cut down on the noise. But the sounds of that garrison belt whacking that bare ass were loud enough.

This was my first experience at seeing a real whipping, and my cock got as hard as it had ever been, hearing the muffled cries of our roommate being beaten by these two half-naked gods, both of whom were also getting hard-ons. The guy doing the belting was stark naked and had a lot of dark hair around his

cock, and as he raised and lowered his arm with the belt, his body twisted; his cock got harder and harder as he brought the strap down again and again.

I looked at my other two roommates. Neither had a hard-on but both were shaking.

The victim's ass got bright red, with many darker red streaks crisscrossing. He had been reduced to a "crybaby", a term they seemed to use to use a lot at school.

The guy who had done the whipping stood with his legs apart, his cock sticking out, and ordered the kid to his knees. The kid started to remove the jock strap from his mouth and got a hard slap across the face for not getting permission. I remember the other guy saying to his buddy to be careful not to mark him up where it shows. The kid's ass was really marked up already.

The upper classman ordered him to lick the head of his cock. He told him that if he did, he would then be known as a cocksucker; if he didn't, he'd get a harder whipping and perhaps even the "shower room treatment", which sounded so evil I almost wished our roommate would refuse so I could see what it was.

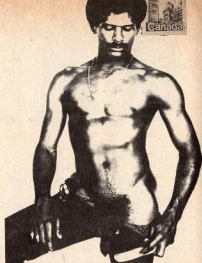
The kid began to lick the guy's cock. He looked like he was going to be sick any minute. I wished I was down there for the chance to lick that big, hard cock. I was to get my wish very soon.

Not being content just to have his dick licked, the older guy had our roommate lick his hairy balls—which we stared at in wonder.

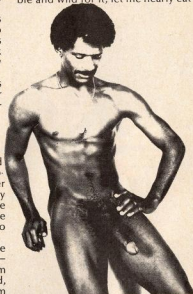
BLACK MONTREAL STUDS

Montreal was, as usual, wild. Stayed until midnight at the Neptune Ale House with the leather boys (I still occasionally wear my leather). Then we went to the Lime Light Club. Immediately there were the usual followers with goo-goo eyes.

Standing at the entrance to the dance floor were two black guys—one a Watusi type, lean and trim with a medium afro, light skinned, originally from Texas, now from Connecticut; his buddy Larry, the sexiest black stud you can imagine. And they were oggling me. Everyone knows you can't have what you want in a bar, but this time I did. We danced and kissed and carried on. Larry, like his friend, was in his late 20's; but he was jet black, muscular, with a shaved head. Furthermore, both were passive and quite turned on to me.



Soon we were at their motel. All the time me telling them things I was going to do to them. They had a hangup, they were such good friends they couldn't have a threesome. They did have adjoining rooms and all night long I was going back and forth from bed to bed. Larry, with his hard, tiny buns so edible and wild for it, let me nearly eat



my way to his guts. I showed him what a real session is when one turns on so intensely as he turned me on. Toe sucking, ass licking, ball sniffing, licking his shaved head, kissing him every place. He was torrid and when I fucked him he shot his wad.

Exhausted, he rolled over and slept and I went to his friend. His chocolate brown, lanky body was laid out like a picture against the

white background of the sheets. His cock was enormous. Like Larry, he was uncut. Larry, though well hung, did not have an extraordinary cock but his body made up for it. Ernest was horny from having heard his buddy's moans and pleas, and I soon treated him to the same session, driving him wild. Those long legs were soon up around me and I buried my dick to the nuts in his asshole. As I fucked I was able to suck on his cockhead.

We came together—and off to Larry I went for some sleep, curled up in his arms, the slightly sweaty smell of his body turning me on again. After we slept awhile he pushed his butt against me and we fucked again.

He got up to take a piss. I was not going to let that get away and pulled him to a squatting position so he could sit that black ass on my face. I begged him to piss. He was somewhat shook. No one had ever wanted that. When he was able to piss he did so and I knew it turned him on. After he screwed me in the morning he got up and lit a cigarette and stood there, hands on his hips, and said, "Well, come on, you must be thirsty again." I was.

After he went back to bed I went back to the other guy and found his wang hard. He doesn't like to fuck but I wanted it and I soon had every inch of that big tool up my ass and got him off in a real wild fuck. I asked for piss. He had heard the scene I had with his buddy but I guess he was shy; he tried but managed only about a half cup or so.

COCKSUCKING IN VIETNAM

The only glory in Vietnam was the glory holes. The mere fact that we print this piece, "Cocksucking in Vietnam" does not mean that we supported this shameful war.

—McDonald

Chu Lai was an ugly American base 40 miles south of Da Nang but it had some beautiful cocks.

I was billeted in a hooch with the general's aides. Lieutenant Dick was 23, married, goodlooking, with a well-developed body and an average size cut cock. Lieutenant Hank

was 26, an ex-pro baseball player, married, had a long skinny cock with lots of overhang, and liked to drink, fuck and give guys like me a hard time. Lieutenant Joe, the baby, was a pleasant guy with an undersized, uncut cock—virgin, I think.

I had been there about a month when I got the first indication my roommates were available. They came in loaded one night and woke me up. I asked them what was up and Hank replied, "Three stiff pricks." Joe said they had given Dick a party, as he was leaving the next day for R&R to meet his wife.

"Hell," said Hank, "you can always have your wife but you probably won't have a chance for juicy Oriental pussy again. Just thinking about it makes me horny. I'm going to see if I can get the afternoon off tomorrow and get rid of all the excess starch I've been carrying around in my nuts." He was massaging a hard-on through his fatigues.

Dick said he'd be satisfied to stick his dick in any cunt but his wife's. He was afraid of VD.

"Shit," said Hank, "if you can't use a stray cunt, how about a nice hot sanitary mouth? I'll bet Bobby

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here can give a mean blow job." I was stunned. I had never given them any cause to think I was a cocksucker. I had sneaked looks at their flopping cocks and balls as they walked naked around the hooch. I didn't say anything. I just sat there as Hank dropped his pants, grabbed his hard prick, pointed it at me, and skinned the very generous foreskin back over a rather attractive cock-head. "Come on, Bobby-boy, suck the starch out of my nuts. My fuckin' prick is all clogged up from lack of lovin'. Dick, I don't know why we have to go elsewhere when we have a cocksucker right here in our own

The General gave Hank permission to spend a few days on another general's yacht, and with Dick away on R&R, Joe suddenly turned nudist. Every chance he had he paraded nude in front of me. At night he would lie nude on top of his sheet and moan and groan until he fell asleep. A couple of times I was tempted to give him the relief he needed but, miraculously, I held off.

I thought I had gotten away with it that night Hank shoved his prick in my mouth but when Dick got back from R&R I found I hadn't. On his second night back he was laying

eat on a real studs asshole (as long as he is clean), although most studs will spread their cheeks for me when they discover what they want.

Dick loved it; everything I did caused him to moan and sigh. I dropped his legs and went to work on his cock again. All the while I was working furiously on his cock, he was thrashing around on the bed and moaning, "Holy Christ... Beautiful... Jesus, what a cocksucker... oh!"

When his cock began to spurt spicky come up against the roof of my mouth, I sucked lovingly on it, swishing my tongue around crazily and gasping for breath and trying to swallow his rich copious cream. I couldn't imagine what he'd been doing with his wife because after only two days back in Chu Lai his balls were overloaded with come. I was greedily guzzling down the last few drops when he reached down to push my head away and said, "That's all."

Just then the lights went on. "No," Hank said, "that isn't all. He's got two more cocks to eat before he's through. You first, Joe, because he's going to be working on my prick for a long time."

Still on my knees, I swivelled around to face the two lieutenants towering over me. I saw Joe's fatigues slide down and the shaft of his small dick expanding and pulling the foreskin back, exposing the head of his cute little cock. I smiled and, extending my long tongue out as far as I could, lapped up some of Dick's come that I felt dribbling down my chin.

"Jesus," Hank said, "Look at the fucking cocksucker. He loves it. Look at him trying to lap up all Dick's come." With his hand he guided my head over to Joe's stiff morsel and said, "Christ, we've got it made. No more quickie hand jobs in the latrine at 2 am. No more paying for a case of the clap at Tom Ky. No, sir. From now on Bobby's going to be right here to draw the starch out of us whenever we want it done."

Joe, who apparently had never had his pecker in a mouth before, began to quiver and moan. A greenhorn, he just couldn't stand the heat and in less than two minutes had started pumping generous amounts of sperm down my greedy gullet. As I struggled to swallow all of Joe's juice I heard Hank's fatigues hit the deck and the bastard said, "I wonder if he's any good up his ass? I her cocksuckers like to get fucked in the butt."

It sounded like St. Peter telling me my future in heaven was assured. ☐



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hooch. That's what you're here for, Bobby-boy, right? To take care of the general's aides."

Dick and Joe didn't say anything. Hank moved right up the side of my bed. His stiff prick was level with my face and pointed right at my mouth. I was mortified. I was sure men in other barracks could hear Hank yelling. When I opened my mouth to tell him to knock it off he shoved his prick right in my mouth. My first reaction was reflexive: I swished my tongue around the ridge of his glans, seeking his piss hole. Only for a moment, though, for I realized I'd be dead if I gave in.

"Get the fuck away from me, you drunken bastard," I said, as I spit his cock out. "If you're so fucking horny go over to the latrine and jack off. I'm not eating your smelly cock." Hank got pissed and kept after me, but Joe and Dick finally convinced him that he needed a shower.

naked in his bunk looking at the nudes in some old Playboys. Hank and Joe were at a movie. I turned out the light over my sack and was about to crawl in when I looked diagonally across the hooch. Dick was lying on his side facing me, slowly manipulating his beautiful stiff dick. The Playboy centerfold was spread out beside him but he was looking at me, smiling. It took me three seconds to get over to his sack, kneel down and swallow his six inches of thick, iron-hard prick down my throat.

"Wait," he whispered, "turn out the light." While I did that he cleared the Playboys off his bed and fell back spread-eagle. I sucked his gorgeous cock, lapped his luscious balls and, pushing against the back of his legs, raised his compact butt up to my mouth and with my lips and tongue went to work on his virgin asshole. I suppose some guys would be repulsed because I love to



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DRUMMER'S

BONUS BOOK SECTION

CHAPTER TEN

KURT HAD AN EARLY CLASS ON THE BEGINNERS' SLOPE the following morning. Jim and I got up with him, and we were at the main hotel shortly after the dining room opened. We'd borrowed a few marks from Kurt, so playing my role as "rich American" to the hilt, I had a phone brought to our table and placed a call to London. Bert answered in a sleepy voice after the sixth or seventh ring. "Ugh, it's barely the crack of dawn," he groaned.

"Are you awake enough to understand me?" I asked. I could hear some rustling sounds, after which my uncle's voice came through more stridently and with an undertone of anxiety. "All right; what's happened?" he asked.

I explained about the mechanism and about the possibility of his crest being the item the skinheads were after. There was a deep silence on the other end of the line. "Are you still there? You do remember it, don't you?" I urged.

"Oh, yes... yes, I remember it. For a moment, though, I couldn't recall exactly what I'd done with it."

"You do now, I hope."

"I used to have it in the library, hanging on a wall between a pair of bookcases. The maid knocked it down... oh, a year ago or better... broke the ring off the back. I'd completely forgotten, but I gave it to Harry Sheers... you know, the chap who makes all the metal toys. In any event, he was to re-weld the hanger. You know, I never thought of pick it up from him. Rather an ugly piece at best. I only took it because Alfred insisted." He made no reference to the mechanism, and I had the feeling he had almost expected it to be found... eventually, if not sooner. I wondered, too, how much planning and deductive reasoning had been carried on outside my presence.

"Can you get it?" I asked eagerly.

"Certainly."

"How soon can you get back here with it?"



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"I'll try to get a flight this evening, at least by tomorrow morning. By the way, you might give Edgar a message for me. Tell him that matter we discussed seems to be as we perceived..."

"Edgar's not here," I said. "He's gone to Munich... day before yesterday." Bert's voice had suddenly taken on more than an edge of surprise; he sounded almost alarmed.

"Well, yes," I stammered. "That's what Kurt told us, anyway."

Again my uncle was silent for several seconds. "I'll be there... evening," he said softly. "Er... keep an eye open for Edgar, and... I wouldn't mention our conversation... or the time of my return to anyone."

"Okay, but Alfred knows I'm calling you. And he's the one who found the dohickey," I reminded him.

"Well, Alfred will have to know. But no one else," he added firmly.

"The only other person is Kurt. Why...?"

"Do as I ask, Wayne," he said sternly. "I will explain when I get there."

I hung up the phone with a strange feeling of ominous portent. This was the first instance where it occurred to me we might be in danger. From Bert's responses, I presumed he must have reached some conclusion, or formulated some plan with Edgar. I even wondered if this might have been his real reason for going home. I couldn't accept Kurt's complicity... not really, and not in bright daylight after rising fresh from his bed. I recognized the ambivalence of this particular feeling, of course; there had been other moments when I had seen him differently... had felt both fear and suspicion. But last night he had been restrained in our scene, friendly before and after, and if anything I would have called his sleeping with us as an act of love.

More to the point, I could not imagine any reason for Kurt to act against the interests of our group. True, he seemed to have more money right now than he did the previous summer. His motorcycle was new, as were most of his clothes and many of the items in his room. I discussed this with Jim, whose feelings toward Kurt were more uncertain than mine. On the subject of Kurt's moderate affluence, Jim also noted the couple pairs of new skis and the well-stocked liquor cabinet.

"But he works his ass off," I pointed out, "...our guide all summer and fall, ski instructor during the winter. And... well, in addition to the tips he probably gets... from time to time..."

"I know. He hustles," Jim finished for me.

The term made it sound so cold and so wrong I hated to agree with him, but I knew it was true. I also knew that if it had to be a member of our group using the ghost mechanism, Kurt was the most likely candidate.

"Which means you did right not to tell him about finding the equipment," Jim insisted. The sharpness of his tone cut through my other thoughts and brought me back to face him.

"Yeah, I guess so," I agreed unhappily. "But from Bert's remarks... I wonder if Edgar really did go to Munich."

"Where else do you think he might be?"

In my own mind, now, I was visualizing all sorts of things that could have happened... including murder. Yet I could not quite believe Kurt capable of anything approaching such an act. I looked into Jim's face and gestured helplessly with my hand. "What do you think?" I asked softly. My jaw was trembling at this point, and I think I was actually on the verge of tears. Jim's eyes may have been a little watery, too.

He shook his head. "I don't know," he whispered. The waiter came to collect the phone and refill our coffee cups, after which we sat quietly, sharing our unspoken fears. "The plow should be heading up the hill pretty soon," I suggested at length. "Maybe we should get out there and hitch a ride."

We were not in time to catch the truck and had to walk most of the way to Alfred's cottage before we overtook it. But having the road clear made it an easy trek. The sun was beating down from a clear sky, heralding a warmer, storm-free day. I should have been in the best of spirits, especially as we seemed to have joined the most perplexing pieces of our puzzle. I knew, now, that the ghost was a hoax; and I had good reason to assume the plaque my uncle was bringing that night would provide another key. I had just left the warmth of a cozy threesome, enjoyed a splendid breakfast, served in the grand manner of the main hotel. I was strolling through a picture postcard setting with a guy I was really fond of... with a guy I loved, damn it!

But, I had communicated my apprehension to Jim, interpreting Bert's warning in the most ominous way possible. As a result of this, we had both begun to worry about Edgar. We had gone by his room after leaving the hotel and he was still missing. I had a heavy lump in the pit of my stomach as I thought about Kurt. Cold and hard as I knew him capable of being, only a part of my mind was willing to accept the possibility of his committing an act of violence. The other half of my reasoning denied his ability to harm a guy who was supposed to be a friend. What elevated the level of anxiety, what bothered me most, I think—bothered Jim, too—was the complete uncertainty. The alternatives were poles apart, and there seemed no middle ground. If Kurt were involved at all in some nefarious plot, and if some harm had come to Edgar, the guilt was so gross there could be no mitigation. If he wasn't involved, we were harboring a dreadful set of suspicions.

There was still another factor that bothered me, because I could accept the possibility of Kurt's having struck out in a fit of jealous rage. If he had shoved Edgar on the slope, or if he had done anything else to him, it might have been because Kurt saw him as a sexual rival. I tried to tell myself that this was no more than a manifestation of my own vanity, but I knew Kurt well enough to recognize the potential. The fear remained, hovering as the ominous shadow of guilt in the back of my mind.

It was Jim who put it into words, shortly before we caught up with the plow. "If Kurt did do something to Eddie, I don't imagine your having climbed into bed with the fellow made the blow land any the softer."

"We don't know that anything's happened to Edgar," I countered defensively. "Besides, we don't know that it's not a completely unknown person... or that someone else is in cahoots..."

"Who?" Jim demanded. "It couldn't be you or me... or Bert. We weren't even here when all this nonsense started. What about Alfred, himself?"

"Yes, what about Alfred?" I returned harshly. "Don't forget, he found the mechanism. That would sort of let him off as a suspect, wouldn't you say?"

"Unless he produced it to cover up," I said. We reached the snow plow at this point, and we climbed onto the back, waving to the guys who stood on the front fenders, guiding the driver. We didn't say much more, because one of the young men was always close enough to hear us. You never knew how well any of these resort-town people could understand English. I don't think either of us really harbored any suspicion of Alfred, anyway, which left only Kurt... still assuming there had to be a guilty party among our group.

Alfred said nothing when we told him that Edgar was not back in his room. Instead, the old man carefully extracted the mechanism from its hiding place in a kitchen cabinet and set it on the floor, across from the stove. "I have looked this over carefully," he told us, "and I think I have found how it works. I waited for your return to try it."

He looked at us expectantly, and I knew he was anxious to put his theory to the test. "God knows when Edgar'll get back," I said. "Maybe we ought to go ahead."

The caretaker moved eagerly about the mechanism, setting several springs and levers. His normally stolid composure had given way to an almost childish anticipation. "I did not actually do this on my own," he continued as he bent over the collection of transistors, wires and bits of tubing. "I am certain the gas cylinders must be close to empty."

"Maybe it won't work at all," I suggested.

"We shall see," said Alfred. He seemed to have everything set as he wanted it, stood up and pulled the shutters to close out the light. The room was not completely dark, but close enough for our purposes. "I am not certain what was actually used to achieve it," he went on, standing back from the contrivance and poking at it with the end of a broom handle. "But I am sure this will release the mainspring." He nudged a knob on the top and almost immediately the nylon bladder expanded. A split second later a cloud of semi-phosphorescent vapor began to rise. "Stay very still," he cautioned us. "We are closer than we are supposed to be."

The cloud billowed up, reaching a height of about five feet. At this level the topmost portion became too heavy for the nebulous mass to sustain. It doubled over, hanging almost motionless in the air. Had I seen it at a distance, under the peculiar lighting conditions in the castle, I might well have taken it to be the figure of a hooded monk.

As we continued to watch, the cloud drifted gently toward the wall, away from the stove. In another couple of seconds it would have struck the vertical surface. Alfred grasped my arm and propelled me forward. "Grab for it!" he told me. "Try to take hold of it."



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I made a lunge for the floating, vaporous form. The rush of air about my body made its fragile structure dissolve. I was acutely aware of a chill, however, a decidedly colder aura about the general area of the cloud. I mentioned this, and Alfred nodded in satisfaction. "Yes, yes, of course," he said with a gleam of delight in his eyes. "It uses plain water and compressed carbon dioxide and some other gas... or combination of gases, something containing phosphorus, I would guess. I am not a chemist, but that much is obvious."

"So that's all there was to the ghost," I sighed. I sat down on one of the chairs, watching as Alfred put the contrivance away. "Would you care to venture a guess as to who put it there?" I asked.

Alfred looked back and forth between us. "I think we know who may have done it," he said sagely. "The most important question now is, 'Why?'"

"I still think the Nazis must have hidden a treasure in the castle," said Jim. "If Kurt found out about it..."

Alfred raised a restraining finger. "Let us not speak in personalities," he cautioned. "We do not know that Kurt did this thing. We think he may have. That is all. I could have done it, or any of you could have done it in conjunction with someone from the village. No, we cannot be sure it is Kurt. As for any treasure, I would have my doubts. After all, the war is over since almost thirty years. If there were something of value in the castle, whoever hid it would have come after it a long time ago."

"What, then?" I asked.

Alfred shrugged eloquently. "We must wait and see."

We worked outside with Alfred during the afternoon, chopping wood and stacking it, helping him replace some boards which had come loose on the out-buildings during the last storm. The old man kept some chickens in a shed behind the larger storage building, and we pulled one of the heaters out to clean

it. Around three o'clock we could see clouds begin to gather above the mountains. . . a great, black mass that slowly spread like a shroud of anger across the lighter blue. By four it was obvious we were in for another heavy fall of snow.

The storm broke before dinner, carried on winds of such force and violence it was necessary to shutter the windows from the outside. The howling turmoil made the little cottage seem all the more warm and cozy. "Thank God you made your heroic descent last night, instead of tonight," I remarked to Jim.

"Even duty wouldn't call me forth in this," he said soberly.

I grinned at him, which brought a like response to his lips. We were sitting at the kitchen table and I reached across to lay my hand on top of his. I was experiencing a strangely moving set of responses. Jim had suddenly assumed an importance to me that transcended any feeling I had ever had for anyone else. My attraction to him comprised an unfamiliar blend of desire and tenderness, an urging from deep within my being that almost lifted me from the chair and drove me into his arms. I resisted it, realizing "duty" held a double meaning, I thought. He was kidding me... or chiding me, trying to tell me something I was not prepared to grasp. I knew it had not been "duty" which called him out the evening before, but if it wasn't "duty," what was it? The answer was obvious, and it was this which scared me.

But why should I be afraid of it? I admitted this afternoon that I loved him... didn't mean it quite that way... many forms of love. But right now... I tightened my grip upon the back of Jim's hand, gazing intently into his face and receiving a serious, unblinking return. Slowly, his half-formed fist turned over, came palm-up against my own. His fingers closed with mine and we held together without speaking for a long, long while. The emotions which bubbled up inside my chest were almost choking me. I wanted to cry and laugh at the same time, but when I tried to speak my jaw was trembling and I knew I'd blubber if I made any attempt to put these feelings into words.

Alfred had finished his chores and was stacking the dinner dishes in the cupboard. He had undoubtedly been watching us, though Jim and I were completely oblivious to anything outside ourselves. Both of us jumped when he spoke. "It is time for bed," he said softly. "If Bert reaches the village tonight, he will not be able to get up here till morning. I am sure you will not object if I leave you alone." He went into his room off the kitchen, and for the first time I could remember his doing it, he closed the door behind him.

Without discussing it, or so much as a word to communicate our thoughts, Jim and I stood up and came together in an exchange of love and passion that almost knocked me off my pins. I found myself clinging to my companion, shifting my feet to keep on balance as the sum total of my consciousness seemed channeled into him. Our mouths were open, our tongues probing deeply, our bodies breathing in unison... or coordinated opposition. I felt a part of him, knew a unity never found in any previous interhuman relationship.

Outside, the shrieking howl of the storm had cut us off from communication with the greater world. The house was an island of warmth and safety; within its enclosing protection we formed a smaller unity unto ourselves.

Moments later we were in our room, casting off our clothes in the chilly air, sliding together between the freezing surfaces of the sheets. Yet I was aware only of the warmth, the drawing power of his body and the unnamed valence which made me want him. It was sexual, of course. My rod was soaring, jutting pinnacle against his belly... just as his bloated sex slid hard and fast on me. But the raging sensual desires were smothered in another complex of pressing awareness.

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Never in my life had I wanted something... someone... so desperately, held that person in my arms and still been less than satisfied. There was no way to get enough of him, no possible necromancy to join us completely enough to satisfy my raging torment. Our arms and legs had locked our physical beings together until no modicum of space remained between. And still it was not sufficient.

Finally, when our lips had parted long enough for my lungs to recapture a semblance of rhythmic order, when the darkness of the room obscured the moisture brimming in my eyes, I spoke the simple phrase: "I love you." I'd said it before, I guess; I'd certainly heard others speak the words to me, and in the height of passion I'm sure I must have responded. But they had never held the meaning as they did in those moments. They were inadequate, so overused and so familiar they failed to approach an expression of the tremendous, unimaginable emotion that drove them out of me. "I love you," I whispered again, and before Jim could answer me our mouths were sealed together. His body expressed the response, and the eloquence of our desperate grappling belied the importance of verbal protestations.

As the first swelling tide subsided and we lay together, allowing our minds and bodies to regenerate their energies, I found myself wondering how long I'd been denying this... how long I'd known a bond existed between us, yet forced it aside and channeled my lust into a purely physical, sexual mode. I remembered my concern when I thought the skinheads might be going to kill him, but I'd feared the same for myself. Perhaps the test was less than fair. Still, despite my own predicament, I had been afraid for Jim and I had sweated out his welfare as much or more than my own. The previous summer I'd made a scene with him, used him harshly in the first exchange where I had really been the top man. Had I felt it then? I decided not. I had been too wrapped in my own lust and egocentric desires. I had let my wildest feelings loose and had battered him without concern for any pleasure or his lack on his part.

Later, I had thought of Jim during the long months of separation, but always in some context with my uncle. He'd been an adjunct of this, an integral extension of that stronger personality. Even now, when I was freely confessing my love for him, I found some element of Bert. It is difficult to explain, but while the aura of love surrounded us and cut us off from any other entity, formed an impenetrable wall against all others, I knew that my uncle could somehow enter if he wished. I'd known, or assumed, that Jim and Bert were united in more than a servant-master relationship. This would surely have to continue, but the idea did not disturb me. I could not see how the parts might fit, but I sensed the possibility—the propriety—of its happening.

The churning motions of our feet had shoved the comforter off the bed, leaving us naked and exposed to the chill of the room. As we twisted together, one sliding atop the other, then twisting back and pulling the positions into reverse, I was completely unaware of the cold. I felt only the heat of Jim's body and my own, radiated warmth and energy that was more than enough to compensate for the outside temperature. My companion eased me back against the mattress and gently disengaged his lips from mine. His breathing left a trail of hot, dissipating moisture along my throat and down the upper part of my chest. I felt his open mouth come down about one nipple, the pressure of teeth against the skin as my flesh was drawn into him and his tongue made circles of searing sensation about the tiny nub.

His one arm rested on the bed beside my ear; the other grasped the base of cock and balls, held and twisted them, giving rise to a further tide of sensuality. I felt weak and helpless, opened my lips when his mouth

sought mine again and the weight of his chest came down upon me. It was sex and physical enjoyment such as I'd never known... a combination of desires expressing themselves in a manner so intense and so foreign to anything I'd imagined before that I responded without any considered control... really had no idea what I was going to do until I did it.

We held one another, twisted and clung, kissed and explored each other's body as though we'd never met before. And, in this sense, we had not. I finally turned Jim onto his back, wrapped my arms about the undersides of his legs and shoved his thighs down atop his chest. My cock was gleaming wet and hard from his mouth when I placed it to the tightly closed ring of muscle... eased myself inside, trembled on the verge of climax as his sphincter gripped me, paused and waited for the spasms to subside. Slowly, then, I let my rod descend, dropped inside him, entered him with a sense of joining our flesh in the fullest possible measure. I kissed him as I felt the grasping ring hold desperately about the base of my shaft, as my balls came to rest upon the solid wall of his underbody. I let the weight of my chest come down on his, and I snaked my arms around his waist, forcing his legs more firmly against the sides of his slender torso.

I rode against him with the same passion I had known the night before. But now I found a greater pleasure, a fulfillment of such magnitude it made the previous thrill seem pale and of a lesser order. There was a meaning to every motion and a sense of joining more than flesh to flesh each time I rammed my loins along my shaft. Though I tried, I could not restrain my urgent craving. I felt the ultimate gathering through my balls and the prickling of its swelling all about my loins. I might still have held it back, but I was powerless to restrict my passion. When I came it was in an explosion of emotional as well as physical release, a debilitating flood that drained and sapped me. Afterward, I lay in

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place, reluctant to break the contact, to remove the rigid bridge of love which never softened nor lost its ability to sustain the sense of unity.

When Jim finally eased me back and off him, I rolled onto my side with a sense of loss... almost sorrow that the magic of this special moment had been brought to an end. Seconds later, he had swung himself to his knees and had pressed me down so I lay beneath him, each of us assuming the reverse of our previous positions. He leaned over me, suspending his weight on his arms as he kissed me, as his own rigid projection grazed the glowing flesh of my midsection. He pulled away at last and trailed his tongue the length of my body, laved along the sides of my loins, rekindled the sleeping passions and placed his hands about the backs of my thighs. He pushed them down... exactly as I had done to him, except he now dropped his lips against my anus, plunged his tongue inside and brought me back to a state of trembling expectancy.

This was also something new to me. I'd never made it with any partner, fucked him and come in the process, only to have him straddle me, and prepare to do the same, without an intervening time to recoup the dwindling energies and desires. But I wanted him to do it, and I willed him into me. Then, when I felt the head of his cock inside my body I responded with a frenzied urgency, clamped my hands against the tight-drawn cheeks of his ass and drove him deep and full within me. I'd forced a burning thrill, subjected myself to pain that turned to blinding, searing joy. Dominating all other awareness was the knowledge that a part of him was in me, that we were joined again and expressing our love again in this poignant symbolism... in the most positive, sensual way it could be expressed.



Jim made his moment last far longer than I had been able to do. Somehow, he restrained himself, delivered an endless, forceful, deep-thrust set of feelings. His hands had closed about my wrists, holding them at my sides as his arms restricted the position of my legs. He was pinning me with the weight of his body, of his love, and I surrendered completely to the hammering possession. My balls were crushed beneath the lunging rhythm of his groin, crushed and freed and crushed again. I felt the tingling motion of his sac across my ass, the slapping fall of it each time he drove his rod inside me. My own cock stretched full and hard again, trapped between us and rubbed by the movement of his loins on mine. I was aroused and on the verge of release when I felt his muscles tighten and heard the sharp intake of air which foretold his pending climax. He lifted his entire body for several moments, held in flexed and trembling passion as his seed boiled up and he began to flood inside me. Then he dropped against me once again, the walls of our bodies sealed in unbroken unity. Between us, my own rush of lust rose up and blasted free, spewing its slippery coating across my stomach and his, lubricating the surfaces and increasing the ease of his sliding, driving motions.

Later, we washed ourselves and returned to cling one against the other beneath the feather coverlet. We

talked in whispers of the many subjects that rose within our stimulated minds. Sleep was out of the question; our mutual discovery was too exciting. Jim admitted his love for Bert, and confessed the depth of that attachment. He did not describe the full details of the relationship, but I was already formulating a picture of it for myself. The important point in all he said was the assurance that my entry into their lives had been foreseen... not quite in the manner it had come about, but my uncle's feelings were compatible with our own. This much Jim assured me, and while I didn't fully understand I found the idea peculiarly acceptable.

"We've been together for so long, you see," he concluded, "that we know the feelings we share are not going to break because of you. We have always permitted each other to have his own affairs outside our shared existence. With you, I can only suggest you wait. See how things work out and satisfy yourself that I am right. You will have your own place and find your own satisfaction in it; of this I'm certain. For Bert even more than for me, perhaps, you will fill a void that seems to have developed between us. Bert saw this when you arrived last summer, and he has only waited for the proper moment... the time when you could form the missing part for us."

"I don't really understand you," I admitted. "You're talking in a kind of riddle, but right now I'd believe anything you said... do anything you'd ask and never question it." I didn't understand, but I sensed some secret shared between the two of them that left this door open for me. I suppose I might have been hurt by Jim's reticence, but strangely enough I wasn't. I felt the final answer was just around the corner. Regardless of any other circumstances, I was happier right then than I had ever been before. I would have accepted any conditions to retain that fulfillment, regardless what these might have been.

Just before we fell asleep I made some remark about being grateful Jim's abuse by the skinheads hadn't been any worse, and this led to a short, sleepy discussion of those dreadful couple of days in London. "They had obviously been instructed not to kill us," Jim observed. "Remember how upset they got when they thought they'd done me in?"

"Instructed? You don't think they were acting on their own?"

"Not for a minute!"

"Who, then...?" I asked.

"Who, indeed? The most obvious point was their age. Those fellows were in their early twenties... much too old to be what they appeared to be. They were acting as agents for some else, possibly..."

"Agents!" The word held a different meaning for me, conjured all sorts of images of spies and wild scenes from a James Bond thriller. "Maybe they were some kind of neo-Nazi," I suggested.

Jim hugged me closer and kissed me. "It's a bit far-fetched," he whispered, "but until we can think of something better..." He snuggled lower in the bed, holding me to him, his arm pressing my head against his chest.

"But if Kurt had some part in all this, he's maybe working with those creeps in London," I insisted. "And I've been wondering," I added, "if he was the one who used the junk Alfred found, how did he get rid of it afterward... hide it beforehand, for that matter?"

I felt Jim shrug. "Anyone who knew the passageways could have helped him," he mumbled. "Could be anyone..."

"Except you or me," I sighed contentedly.

"All the world is queer save thou and me; and at times I have me doubts of thee!" he muttered softly. A moment later I felt his even breathing and knew he had fallen asleep.

COPPERHEAD



By Bill Saint Clair

C. HUSGRIFF '81

could have died doing that. Why didn't the snake bite?"

"He didn't dare," I said, then handed over my pet to the waiting Humboldt. "I certainly don't know how the snake felt about it, but I'm going to find out very soon."

The straps retracted into the grid above, and a stainless steel web sling descended, an immaculately made affair that adjusted to fit the contours of any occupant. Glints of quartz light dazzled off its woven nets. With Humboldt's help, I lifted my ensemble of liquid muscle onto the cradle, placed his arched feet into the stirrups, rested his head carefully on a pad, then plunged both my arms to the shoulders in a nearby vat of warm mineral oil. I inserted my right thumb into his ass and massaged the rectal muscles.

"When I've done with you, my friend, you will know you have reached the summit of your life. And possibly I will know something, too."

I made my hand an arrow and quietly slid it past the first gates of his body. I explored the chamber, where Oroboros had before me slithered around so busily, rubbing scaled against mucous tissue. I could feel the tough muscles of his abdominal wall, the aroused ridge of his prostate, the warmth building to a mild fever. I rotated my fist steadily in rhythm to his breathing, allowing him moments to begin the long trek of relaxing he would travel for me. We would cross a universe together.

"I know what the snake felt in your body, but you know what the snake knows," I said. "Your drugs were laced with his venom, which in a very small dose acts both as antitoxin and, in concert with a few other chemicals I have found that act synergistically, as a psychotropic agent. You have, if you want it, the serpent's wisdom, very much the way Don Juan imparted the eagle's. Learn from it, Copperhead. This is no longer fun and games."

Intense light seemed to focus on the boy as he lay throbbing before me, his body engulfing my wrist, then my forearm, soon my entire lower arm to the elbow. As I plunged carefully deeper into the sigmoid rectum and nearer his heart—his drumbeat of arterial pressure chasing my own heightened blood pace—I began to sense whorls of energy around my arm. It was like an invisible magnetic field collecting around an armature, and with it his body began to move in contracting spasms while he moaned softly, then louder. It was happening, it was beginning, the full collapse of layers of adaptation to civilized life. I gazed astounded, yet confident. I knew what I was doing, but I didn't. Only he knew.

Once past my elbow, Copperhead entered the suburbs of Nirvana. He was oblivious to detail of location—who he was, or had been, where he was, all of the temporal nonsense. Wind on stone whistled through the air to counterpoint his long moans. The timbre began to drop to a deep, earth-wrenching bass, a growl out of time supremely ancient. I braced his body a bit on the sling and clasped his right bicep with my left hand, probed the tautly distended anal ring slowly, with supreme loving slowness, a heroic love (for I had invaded holy ground), then began the final smashing assault on his body with my second hand—first two fingers probing for a locus of play, then with all five digits added to the brutal circumference of twenty inches provided by a flexed upper arm. The infinite journey of my second arm up the course of my first... shattering supernova of light, molten phosphorus. I would create a fusion furnace.

As the ridge of knuckles began to vanish inside his body, my hand so hard-pressed I could feel it separating the fibers of my right bicep, Copperhead started a curious pitching. I could not stop it, nor did I want to. I signalled Humboldt to help brace the boy, this creature no longer or ever again a boy, and before his rhythmic thrusts could break pace I inserted the whole hand, quickly fisting it to seal the event.

Moans scaled up to a low screaming wail.

I began to raise the writhing mass of its cradle. He would take both my arms now, gravity would demand it. I wanted to see him slide down the double shaft of muscle raised over my head. The more his body bucked and twisted, trying almost to envelope itself, the more his ass swallowed my arms, aided by a peristaltic grip-and-release from his wrenching butt. I had him over me, finally, flopping like a hooked flounder desperate for freedom. He pitched his legs backward in a reflex, as though his body sought to break an awful suction that would not stop building, until ultimately he threw his feet so far back he grasped his ankles with his hands, bent nearly in two and impaled on my arms.

I turned to Humboldt, who stared unashamed. We had never gone this far or taken these risks. That the boy was alive and breathing, although fiercely, appalled him. The flashes from those green eyes seemed now deadly, a gorgon's curse. We had explored the unexplorable—my hands wrung together and in their holy grief worried out a man's entrails. I had gone too far, at last. I approached Humboldt face to face and rested the two globes of Copperhead's ass on the crown of the Greek's shining head, using it as a brace to pull gently downward. Each arm was a slithering python taking its polite leave, an agonizing leave. I was struck by how sad it was to give up this sacred warmth, but I knew there was yet another plateau to reach, a destination. My new creature must have its first victim. I braced for a final assault on Copperhead's shredded human past.

I could not see Humboldt's face for my own arms as they emerged glistening under the light. I had to be careful and quick to bring off the next stunt. I would murder by a joke. And with nature—gravity. Obscene nature, naturally, as nature often finds herself to be. All that remained of my support now were two praying fists, wrist poised over a shaven head. With a sharp downthrust—was I docking a spaceship?—I slathered my hands over Humboldt's head and down his ears. Pressure of a famished asshole followed me. Copperhead would rest on the head, would pause, sense the object to be engorged, would sense deep into himself the necessary muscular control, the slackening of tissue, the inhuman stretch, and he would elegantly descend...

Over forehead, over suddenly panicked eyes, fluttering lashes, paralyzed responses—total fright!—because the rectum must be filled. I watched a rectal cavity, no vacuum on earth more abhorred, devour a man's head. The scarlet genitals of the slowly descending Copperhead seemed to burst, then in fact did, jissom catching me in the face in ropes of energy when the groin closed over Humboldt's poor nose, the nose no doubt having a trigger effect on Copperhead's prostate gland. Like an awful comic mask, a human pelvis wore a human neck, and Humboldt's brief struggle ended in a minute with collapse. Copperhead had had his quarry, slumped over on the black surface spent of life. I felt the tendrils of horror fall over me, even me. Copperhead lay in undulating ecstasy, twisting the eaten head—surely the neck was broken by now—savoring the immense urgency of his lust. His eyes now were utterly blown out, wild and unseeing. His red mane matted solid in oil and sweat. He slithered about the floor in crazed contortions. I wondered when exhaustion and the action of his drugs would stop, because everything tonight was an experiment. And the head? How to uncouple Humboldt from his killer? I was Dr. Frankenstein with his monster and the monster's naughty pranks I must deal with, must, obviously, remain in control or lose control of everything, forever. I could feel needles of panic in my back.

I approached the still-rerect Copperhead and seized his groin with both hands, inserting my thumbs into his ass above Humboldt's throat. Calving must be like this, I thought, having never calved. But the head must come out. I found that

chin—now slack and surprisingly moveable—and began to prize it forward. Copperhead bucked and squeezed and tightened his anal ring, with what energy I can only guess. My hands were stronger. I had the dead man's mouth with my thumbs now, my hands on his jaw, pulling inexorably. If I can simply get the nose out... I'll probably have to break it... there! The nose appeared, somewhat smashed, then a bloody face, eyes dead open and cracked forever, shards of sight smothered by panic. Impatient, I jerked the head forward and free. And Copperhead fell back on his shoulders, onto his side, threw his legs back behind him and grasped them and drew himself into a knot, tipping over now to regard me, chin and neck propped on the floor, his knees pressed against his head, his dick obscenely draped over his coppery head. I was, finally, shocked. He dared not do it, I thought, not after everything he has done. I had to deal with Humboldt. I could not look at the heap of body in front of me, but that horror was nothing against the lurking Copperhead nearby. His body trembled lightly with shivers that seemed to wrap him in a protective, deadly cocoon. Touch me not, I could hear him signal. An awful grin broke on his

mouth, an evil tongue darting between his lips. I saw dangerous muscular cordage ride over his thighs as he arched even more acutely to graze his anus with the back of his head. In a sudden sweep of his extended legs around him, a maneuver that startled me in my astonished gaze, he thrust his legs before him, increasing the angle of incredible doubling and—spineless now, utterly serpentine and no longer human—separated his legs at the crotch enough to sit right on his head. I saw the drooping dick climb over his nose and flick his grinning lips, I saw the reddish hair gradually disappear. His ass now held his forehead just above his eyes, and in one side of his mouth nestled the crown of his cock. He licked it, sniped at it, nibbled it. He wore his ass like a helmet, the muscles on either side hovering about his ears. I saw him as Copperhead the wise serpent, but in himself he was now Oroboros, the serpent who consumes himself, an eternal equation.

I knew he would have to be destroyed, but how I could not possibly imagine. Some things cannot be ended, but by the moment we know this it is always too late to act. □



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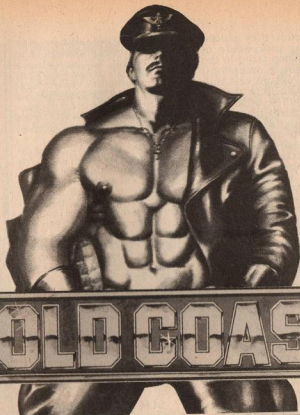
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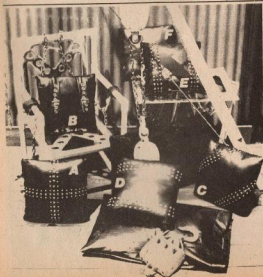
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COLORING

CALENDAR

JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	First Q. 3rd	Full M. 9th	Last Q. 16th	New M. 23rd	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	First Q. 1st	Full M. 8th	Last Q. 15th	New M. 22nd		

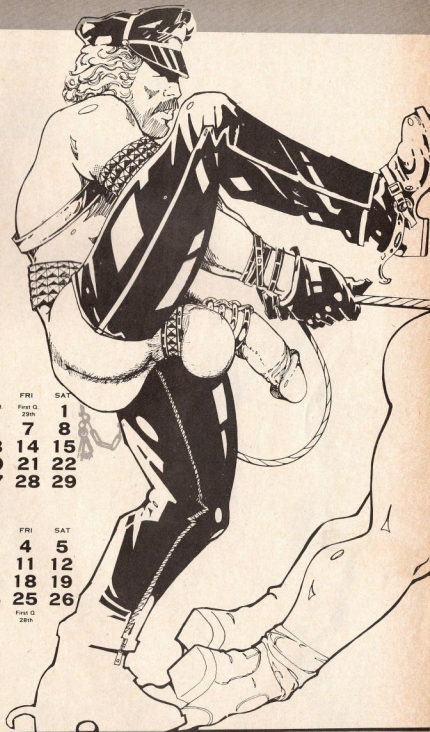


MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
First Q. 2nd	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	Full M. 9th	Last Q. 17th	New M. 25th

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
First Q. 1-30	Full M. 8th	Last Q. 16th	New M. 23rd	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	



MAY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		Full M. 8th	Last Q. 16th	New M. 23rd	First Q. 29th	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29

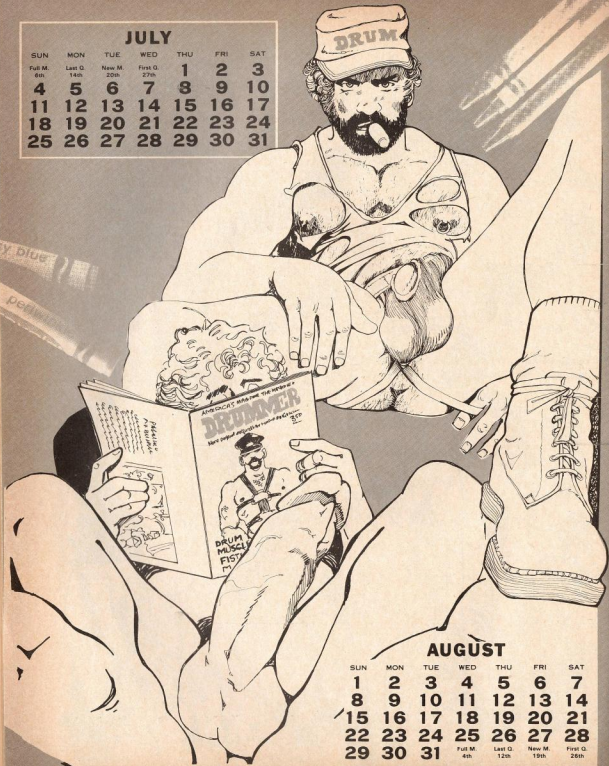
JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
Full M. 6th	Last Q. 14th	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	New M. 21st	First Q. 28th	

Frank
Gibson

JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
Full M. 6th	Last Q. 14th	New M. 20th	First Q. 27th	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	Full M. 4th	Last Q. 12th	New M. 19th	First Q. 26th

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ANYTHING & EVERYTHING BIRMINGHAM. Two versatile guys, 30s. Good bodies, would like to share their fully equipped playroom with other buddies. We are into anything and everything: Leather, B&D, S&M, Toys, Enemas, Water Sports, SHAVING, Caths, etc. etc. We are interested in action, not talk. We are sincere, and we respect your limits, and we expect the same. Age no barrier. Call or write Butch Brasher, Box 20453, Birmingham, AL 35216. Phone (205) 979-3909.

MUSCULAR young man wants short term farm work or similar job by stern man. Neglect of duty punishable by severe razor strapping. Box 1770.

HOT LEATHER

Gloved, cigar-smoking Leather Master, 6', 145 lbs., w/m 34, 7", cut seeking brothers in Leather. Mutually satisfying scene and discretion assured. Limits respected. You must be serious, disciplined, and unashamed of earned affection. No drugs, scat, or heavy pain. We are a rare breed. Box A85.

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STUDS NEEDED. Call Dick at (602) 945-9254. Call anytime. Especially in Arizona area.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., 8 1/2" uncult, if you are white, masculine, not overweight; interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 3086.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HUNKY

SAN FRANCISCO AREA. Well-built together, pierced and tattooed M. now to area, 38, 6'3", 195 lbs., brown/blue, mustache, cut 6 1/2", with heavy experience looking for serious Leather Master any race, 25-50. Uncult meat a real plus. C/B torture. W/S, whips, ass work and a lot more just for openers. This animal into damn near anything with your pleasure his center focus. Have complete Leather and toy collection waiting for you. No tats or feds. All photos get mine and immediate reply. Box 1283.

S/M SAN FRANCISCO

Looking for biker or leatherman for permanent relationship. P.O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SANTA CRUZ

Aquarius, 52, 5'11", 190 lbs., white, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable, seeks lover & exhibitionist nude house slave. Must be obedient and eager to please with a tight ass, a good cocksucker and rimmer. Good tit sucker, body hair will be shaved. Under 50. No role switching, no one night stands, drinkers or smokers, also no dopers, hustlers, freeloaders or jailbirds. No photo, no reply. Box 1298.

SAN FRANCISCO ASS GAMES

Spreadeagled, maybe tied down, enemas, butt plugs. Dildoes. Vibrators. Spreaders. Hot oil, balls, balloons and other toys. Maybe even a cock or a tongue (Your hole and/or mine). I'm 28, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, uncult. Send a description or photo of your favorite toy & let me know how you like to use it. Box 1277.

S.F. ASS HOLE SPECIALIST

If you have a firm white hot hole that needs lots of mouth work, call (415) 285-8390 anytime. Ask for Bob.

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SAN FRANCISCO. W/M, 31, 5'11", 170 lbs., enjoys hot times, groups. One-to-one, W/S, FF (top). Leather/Lewis. Fantasies, phone, other. Prefer w/m, 21-35, within SF Area. Photo and phone gets response. Your fantasy is my challenge. Chuck. Box A98.

BEARDED OR MOUSTACHED FACE-SITTERS WANTED

I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., bearded, and have no age or race restrictions. Write Harsh. Box 1015F.

W/M, masculine, husky hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants macho studs near my size, 30 plus only. Into tit play, body contacts. One on one possible. California body builders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM. 33, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, goodlooking, hard-edged, Libran into Top/bottom trade-offs or one-way clashes with serious leathermen intent on hot bondage and belt sessions, bodies in leather and toys in hand, we'll put tits, cock and ass to their proper use. Skip the bullshit, forget the scat, tune into the head and the body and let's explore. Photo brings photo. DRUMMER Box A56 or c/o Jay, 795 Buena Vista West, No. 4, S.F. CA 94117.

HEAVY TIT WORK

MUSCULAR Dude, 38, wants to meet other hot studs into B/D, Leather, and other games. Box 1781.

SAN FRANCISCO. S/M 41, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over. S&M, B&D, new ideas. Don't get Post St. San Francisco, CA 94109.

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with thick, uncult cockmeat, hot-boiling, low-hangin', cum-filled nuts by Black honcho tustin' to collar/leash, break/train as bootdog toilet slave animal. Need boot/cock-hungry, piss-thirsty maverick hunk. Submit to C/B torture, crotch shaving, humiliation. White bootdog ONLY who needs/wants to be hog-tied/roped by its slave animal nuts and ridden hard needs write. Photo/phone for prompt reply. Box 988.

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S.F. PENINSULA. goodlooking, young M in 40s, white, top man, 5'9", 155 lbs., cut, seeks goodlooking, well-built, masculine S/M, 27-40, for intense asshole sex (including FF). Will also fuck your face, use abusive language, and experiment in water sports. Prefer men into snow skiing, other constructive interests. Could consider as a roommate. Photo preferred. Reply Box A50.

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MASCULINE S WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO LIBERAL M. 50, W, 5'8", 165 lbs., needs Master to lead. Leather, Boots, Hood. Heavy into bondage. C&B Torture, Shaving, Piercing, Whipping seeks masculine S, who knows what he wants and does it. Photo gets mine, SIR, Box 1357.

ANY SERIOUS DISCIPLE OF SATAN WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO. Any serious disciple of Satan wanted by evil-minded Master. W, 48, 5'10", 175 lbs., 6/6 Fat, Big-headed, Cut for ritual working out of each other needs, however unusual. Bernal, Box 4373, San Francisco, CA 94101.

STRANGE MEAT

SAN FRANCISCO. GYM, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., 9". Seeks Black Leather, talking, hard playin', bawdy drinkin', hardly laughin', ball stretchin', handy ropin', butt bustin', dude for rough fun. Photo required for response. Single men in San Francisco. Box 1487.

NEW IN SAN FRANCISCO

YOUNGISH DAD. Smart, cigar man, looking for "son". Trim, cute, ass whipped, pushed, fucked, if good, invited to breakfast. Box 1463.

NOVICE

SAN FRANCISCO. 27, needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, husky build, 8" cut. Novice. Want 25-35, experienced, 5'10" or over, caring, patient Teacher. Prefer Blond, Brown eyes, lean! Box 1289.

SAN JOSE. Looking for Leather Master into B&D, and some light S&M. I'm 30, 6'1", 160 lbs., Dk Br eyes & slender in build. No Fats, fems, stupid or hard drugs. Box 866.

MAN EATING SLAVE

SAN FRANCISCO. Hot wim 24. Will worship your Ass, Cocks, Balls, Boots, Nipples and Arm Pits with my HOT MOUTH. Also dig B&D, W/S, Greek Passive. Photo appreciated. Greg, Box 1501.

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HOT M. 40, 5'10", uncult. Experienced piercer or piercer, needles, S&M, C&B, Bondage. Most far out kinky scenes in my fully equipped playroom. George, Box 5641, Hunt. Bch., CA 94646.

RASSLIN'/FIGHTIN'

Fightin' Topman. 28, strong, very hairy, and MEAN thinks S.F. tops are cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight! If you think you're man enough to prove me wrong, let's tang. No holds-barred, brought to a definitive submission finish. And after I've whipped your worthless yellow ass, I'll stuff it with my cock and/or fist. Send challenges, photos to Box 816A.

MUSCLE BUILDER

SAN FRANCISCO. Hard-ass SM hunk 28, 5'7", 155 lbs. & cut, solid muscular build for HOT action and limits expansion. Interests include weightlifting, Harleys, Leathers, Uris, Uniforms, boots, whips, port, art, army, military SS, J/O, jocks, riding ass and fuckin' face. Seeks to earn attention and service with S-look (S.F.) or worldwide M's earn right to serve. Box 1536.

BOOTS

THE TAILOR BUILT

SAN FRANCISCO. This hunky black-leather motorcycle riding stud looking for guys who think they're good enough to serve my boots and boots and the man that wears them. Just can't get enough of them, esp. black engineer and logger boots—taller the better. I'm 31, and good-looking, honest, and serious enough to get down with your boots or make me get down with yours, drop me a line. Box 1504.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MOTORCYCLE COPS

If you're a horny motorcycle cop, this well built handsome young Asian-American needs you, Sir. Prefer CHP, Orange PD, or LAPD bike cops, white goodlooking, well built and horny, but you're in uniform will be considered. All newcomers welcome. Need servicing, Sir? Write with photo to: Box 17113, L.A., CA 90017.

L.A. WATER

LOS ANGELES. Stud fuckee wants hot stud fucker meet between his cheeks or for a "Warm Ocean" fuck, shoot some hot water in first, before you hit it with your photo each. 6'1", 165 lbs., 34. Photo exchange. Box 1562.

TOTAL SLAVE

BURBANK. Slave Danny will submit to bondage, whipping, piercing, arm-pits and tits, shaving, photography for parties, groups or one Master. Phone (213) 846-9488. Danny Payne, 241 East Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91502.

THREE WAYS—GROUP SEX

LOS ANGELES. Obedient slave and his Master looking for hot Leather/Levi and Uniform Stud into three ways and group sex. S&M, B&D, Dildo, First fucking and other interests. We have the place. Explicit letter gets immediate response. Box 1469.

SLAVE DOG

LOS ANGELES. Hot hungry slave dog wants serious and heavy play, 30-40, into Discipline, uniforms, Heavy/mental discipline, wim, W/S, fist fucking, and total servicing. Seek hot evening or weekend of servitude and obedience. Send photo. Box 1572.

TITS AND ASS

LOS ANGELES. 40s, stocky hairy body, shaved head wants bun warmers and warmers for long, reciprocal spanking, tit-pinchin', enemas, and more. Prefer male, clean non-smokers who'd rather do than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709.

TORTURE FANTASIES

LOS ANGELES. Ranch, Hungry pig-slave-master 30, 5'7", 150 lbs., wants to explore intelligent filth and torture fantasies with hairy-assed, SM mongers, top and bottoms. HOT men 18-37 into C&B Torture W/S, scat and natural fist fucking. Write Box 1339.

Am 6'4", Brown hair, blue eyes, mustached, 190 lbs. I've modeled, looking for warm contact. Brain and body. Box 1413.

HOLLYWOOD BOTTOM 24, 6', 135 lbs., white. Seeks knowledgeable partner 25-40 into B&D, light S&M. Toys, etc. Want to try everything once, some more than once. Letters with photos answered first. Box 1462.

SLAVE AVAILABLE

W/M, 28, 5'10", 150 lbs., good body, seeks master for heavy bondage, SM, W/S, etc. Jim Martin, Box 24175, L.A., CA 90024.

WANTED

IN NAKED BONDAGE
LOS ANGELES. Young, slim, sexy-looking Man-Boy. Master will be a dark-headed Latino, fossil-haired blonde or other masculine, obedient, clean, young, trim, white guy wanting to be tied up, stripped down, and sexually dominated by a butt-fucking, masculine, trim, goodlooking, 40-year young, white stud. No FF, no punishment unless you need it to turn you on. Just you—me, the ropes binding you, and my bed. Don't respond to this ad. Masculine people and naked, kept that way, touched, held, fondled, caressed, played with, loved and gotten off. And then fucked. Bound and gagged. Man-Boy will have no choice but to surrender up his boyish ass or manly butt for fucking by a 7 inch hot cock shoved deep in his twitching asshole. Man-Boy will serve, be cared for, and be fucked by my sex-captive, slave-boy, younger brother or dutiful son. Eager. Young tight-assed beginner welcome and preferred. But be warned—you will be fucked my way. Send your Los Angeles photo number, name, and a recent photo and description, and humble letter. Box 1669.

NOVICE TRAINING

CONTROLLED behavior—B/D, S/M, C/B, TT, W/S, etc. Submit profile request now to Sir/Master, Box 1103, L.A., CA 90028-1103.

SLAVE WANTED

NORTH HOLLYWOOD—LOS ANGELES. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., Br/Br. In fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No Beards or nice assortment of B&D leather & S&M gear. Slaves must dig bondage, Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tit especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slave's limits, and any unexpectable sex play. No faps or phones, however. I am Greek, passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Photo & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 6', 165 lbs., with large C/B, digs receiving C/B/T work. S&M, leather/levis, etc. Box A68.

WANTED

W/M, Hot, young (18-35), Topmen into B&D, S&M, W/S, Leathers, Leather, Jocks, Master/slave games. Face sitting, fucking, ass play (no FF), and in need of head to toe service in hot masculine encounters. I'm a good-looking W/M, 44, 6', 185 lbs., with trim beard & moustache and with brown hair and blue eyes, send photo. Box 1320.

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY

2 very goodlooking, butch, hairy, Masters, 6', 170 lbs., 27, the other 5'7", 145 lbs., 30. Both with blk hair and moustaches. We require a slave to comply with our every demand. You must be hairy, masc., good body, and into S/M, W/S, etc. Send photo and letter describing yourself to get ours. Box 1777.

LOVE TO EAT BUTT

LOS ANGELES W/M, 30, love to eat butt. Seek Enema Instructor. W/M is 27-45, maybe dark complexion. Box 1495.

HOLLYWOOD. Goodlooking uncult stud seeks dominant butch uniformed law man, cycle cop, leatherman SS or Geslapo types for head trips, discipline, submission, mad and other outrageous farout things that we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please Sir. Box 1647.

WHITE SCANDINAVIAN

HUNTINGTON BEACH. Muscular, surfer 36. Blonde, blue eyes, looking for permanent relationship with very heavy top into leather, piercing, whipping, wax FF, WS, didoes, etc. Will consider all tops but prefer someone with smarts and a sense of humor who is a romantic and likes desert and surf as well as smoke and aroma. Ray (714) 842-6843 or write with picture to Box 1427.

ORANGE COUNTY/LONG BEACH W/M 36, 6'2", 187 lbs., 7". Bearded, hairy novice needs to be correspond and/or meet someone to play with. Inexperienced but willing to try most things. Prefer hot, horny, uninhibited, into sucking, fucking, verbal abuse, variety and prolonged sessions. Frank letters and photo gets mine. Box 1435.

ORANGE COUNTY. Hot, hung, leather studs who want to bring hot, blond, blue eyes, and hairy. Send photo. Details, Box 1264.

LOS ANGELES. White male animal slave to be trained and broken as work-horse, needs demanding male master or masters with facilities to use him as such on occasional weekends leading to a permanent relationship. Bitten, harnessed and worked under reins and whip. Mature submissive to all demands. Box 1263.

LOS ANGELES. Hot, hunky, cowboy, blue eyes, beard, wants to start a Dildo Club. Interested dudes drop me a line at size sizes and interests. Box 1270.

BIG WIDE OPEN

ASSHOLES WANTED

L.A. W/m, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs., wants men with hot assholes into FF, huge didoes, punch-fucking, able to well stand a severe ass whipping. ass play. Serious men only, no J/O. Box B11.

FIGHTER

LOS ANGELES Hot, white, 23-year-old, 6', 180 lbs., brown and blue. Gets into no-holds-or-blows barred fighting with boxing gloves, feet and knees. Into S&M and other. Teases unless beaten. C&B, Tilt, etc. Serious only. 21-28 only. Box 1566.

HOTTEST ASS IN L.A.

Hot adventurous bottom, 30, hairy, horny, & high. Into Leather/Levis & toys. Gets it with smooth hot guys. Needs Topmen with class to plug this tight little ASS. Box 1522.

HOT ASS WANTED

LOS ANGELES W/m, 29, 5'9", 155 lbs. Leather/Levi Top seeks W/m into F&A, B&D, belt worship. Have playroom, all that's missing is you. Unless hanging in my sling. Photo and phone number. No fats or fems. Box 1564.

HOT MUSCULAR BLOND

LOS ANGELES 6'3", 185 lbs., 38, seeks trim Gr/act buddy, 18-28. Photo gets mine. Aries, Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90044.

LOS SPANKINGS GIVEN BY

LOS ANGELES White Dad, 44, 6'3", to youthful, trim guys who need a lot of attention. Prefer non-Jocks, thin, inexperienced OK. Box 1565.

LEATHER UNIFORMS AND BONDATE

VAN NUYS Looking for Leather Master to bind me with leather, ropes, and affection. Light S&M. Your photo will get mine. Paul, 6375 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91401.

LOS ANGELES M, goodlooking 25, 5'11", 147 lbs., enjoys giving pleasure being totally dominated by a very heroic, strong, stern topman familiar with positive character forming side of leather sex. Don't write unless you are able to gain control and keep it. In return receive my respect, devotion, hero worship and full rights to my body. Box 1272.

SAN DIEGO Top, 40, 6'1", 195 lbs., into all scenes, tits, W/S, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices. Box A70.

SAN DIEGO MEN

Two men, 38 and 39, seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, W/S, jack-off, pocktraps, leather, and funky wear. Couples preferred. No fats, fems. No non-smokers! Box 895.

HOT & READY IN L.A.

Scandinavian man, 33, vesatille (very), good body, goodlooking. Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Levis, leather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes. Good men and good sex get same. Box 853.

HOT TO SERVE

L.A. bottom, W, 46, 6', 160 lbs., U/C beard, moustache, good shape. Needs humiliation and submission to dominate Master. Please train me to serve you better. Box 1765.

SIRI

W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and moustache seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner, goodlooking, masculine and needs to be brought to my knees in service. Bob, 296 S. Robertson, No. 3089, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Can travel.

OCEANSIDE W/m, 26, 5'10", 175 lbs., U/C, 6 1/2", into W/S, C&B/T, toys, etc. respecting limits. Seeks for mutual pleasure. Nuts, scat or FF. Send to P.O. Box 173, Oceanside, CA 92054.

WANTED!

BIG MATURE TITS

P.O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240.

SENSATIONAL AND FREE

Out of this world sexing for muscular top studs any race, especially orientals and blacks. Punish my red hot buns or fantastic mouth job. You'll go crazy for more, nothing like it. Absolutely Confidential. Orange County, Los Angeles. Write your thing. I'll phone or reply. Box 1366. Don't miss this super servicing.

LEATHER TEDDY BEAR

Clean cut, All-American, blond guy available to be possessed and collared by one very sexy Master, who is dominant physically and psychologically and will teach his novice slave how to serve him affectionately. The bear is 33, 5'11", 180, straight-talented, intelligent and totally presentable, as much at home in Brooks Bros. as in bondage. No hard or rough stuff. Tom of Finland type or plus. San Diego area but relocation possible. Send your thing, your bear, respect to: Box 998.

LOS ANGELES SOUTH

Goodlooking, 38, trim and hot. Experienced, mustached, bartender and waiter would like to work at your next party or just hear from you leather/levis fuckcuddlers. Will travel to New Orleans, D.C. and NYC in '81. Your photo gets mine. Box B61.

LOS ANGELES M, hot young animal, W/m, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs. Wants wild leather/levis stud to take this punk to the limit in S/M, B/D, Wax, Cuffs, Collars and head gear. Come work this punk's ass. Box 997.

HOT HORNEY

HARRY HUNKY HUNG

L.A. AREA, 46, 5'9", 179 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 8 1/2" uncult, into light S&M, B&D, jocks, uncult, W/S, TT, FF, JO, fantasy trips. Open to most new scenes, will answer with phone and photo. Box 349.

PALM SPRINGS

M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/Leather a turn-on. Box 902.

LOS ANGELES M, W/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 125 lbs., intelligent, goodlooking, looking for intelligent S, I need to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me. Especially like to serve others for you. I need to be me to properly serve you. Box 280.

TWO LEATHER MASTERS

VENICE AREA 2 W/m's, 31, 5'11", 185 lbs., blond/blue and 27, 5'7", 125 lbs., blond/blue. Looking for W/m slave to serve limits respected, novices welcome. Must be 18-35 into B&D, S&M, whipping, W/S. Send photo and Description. Box 1594.

TIT MASTER NEEDED

Los Angeles—I am stocky, 34, with a set of big hairy muscular tits that need a tit Master to take charge of them. Must be under 30, slim, white, and hairless. Box 1766.

TRAINING-CORRECTED

Slippery Dick. Novice Cut/Uncult, hot, used ok. Proper request to: Sir, Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

LOS ANGELES AREA W/m, 5'6", 128 lbs., 28, HOT! Seeking patient Master for training service. Must respect limits. I desire to serve. No pain or drugs. Exchange photos, ideas, Box 1399.

SLAVE WANTED

L.A. white, beard, into most scenes, respect, Master/Slave Am 47, 6', 165 lbs. You must have good body and want to learn total obedience. Visitors to area ok. Box 1784.

CALIFORNIA

GERMAN slave, 32, 6'1", 175 lbs., 7", totally submissive, is available for Master and/or groups for your total pleasure. Your slave is often in CA, and New Orleans and needs a lot of training. Into tits, piss, and fucking. Box 101.

MILITARY oriented Master W/M, 37, 5'11", 185 lbs., seeks permanent dog slave to lead through life into S/M, pain, torture, discipline, domestic duties. No drugs/FFA. Limits expanded. Know your place and you will keep it. No novices or lower types. C.L. Sawyer c/o K.L. Hill, 828-B 19th St., Santa Monica, CA 90403.

LOS ANGELES-LONG BEACH: Hot hairy, leather, live animal turns into heavy pain, torture. Tight ass and body for your sadistic pleasure. Am 35, 150 lbs, 5'11", 7" cut, Full S/M into all with full service. Your pleasure central focus. Serve all experienced, merciless studs into action. Age, looks unimportant. Box 1764.

LOS ANGELES, Oriental, M, 25, 6', 170 lbs., novice, willing to submit Box 25-40 to learn new scenes. Bondage, titwork, light S/M, oil, piss, outdoors, drugs, armor, No FF, scat, damage. Box 1767.

WIDE OPEN ASSHOLE

LOS ANGELES W/m 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., goodlooking, has HOT asshole liberal-minded men sought by long lasting heavy ass trips. Box 1617.

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN

GIVE IT THE SAME WAY

LOS ANGELES Clean, non-smokers who can whip ass, twist tits, scack, fuck and rim like expert, and can take the same and be sought by stocky, hot man in 40's, with a hairy body and shaved head who wants to take it and dish it out with versatility and affection. Willing to experiment and expand limits. Box 709.

RIDE A COWBOY

RIVERSIDE AREA Woman Cowboy, 27, wants 2-plus hung stallions to ride him, saddle, harness as you like—wants limits tested but with respect. Seek wild cuts with trim mane, moustache, oil, 30. Must travel to your stable. Will arrive in leather, torn levis, on motorcycle. Your photo gets same. Box 1559.

LOS ANGELES I'd lick your big balls and swallowing your hot cum. Am 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., 7", neat body. Will fulfill any fantasy. Box 975.

HOLLYWOOD

M, 44, 5'6 1/2", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer S/M, 35-55 in leather, live, jockstrap. Box 392.

WANT REAL MASTER

NORTH HOLLYWOOD Wanted: white male, 25-40, into motorcycles, camping, backpacking, S&M, Bondage, discipline. Am white, 130 lbs., seeking a search of a REAL MASTER to obey entirely and worship completely. Box 1515.

SHORT TOP FFA MEN

LOS ANGELES W/m, 31, 6'4", 166 lbs. Wants Sport men with hot experienced hands to play ASSHOLE into ecstasy. Box 1539.

DEMANDING MASTER

SAN DIEGO Slave wanted by HOT HUNG San Diego Master, demanding but loving if earned. For more information write. Photo a must. Box 1542.

COLORADO

DENVER COWBOY

Needs Leather/Levi Master. P.O. Box 18595, Denver, CO 80218.

MY BIG COCK got a horse off once, ex-cowhand, 170 lbs., 6", 38. Rex. Box 3044, Englewood, CO 80155.

DENVER AREA

Loves to be bottom. Make all forms of sex and enjoy it most out of doors. Am 33, 5'8", 150 lbs. Well-built men 20-45 who like head hits and hard fucking, write Cuts A25. No fats.

CONNECTICUT

SPANKING

CUTE, bright, bad boy, 24 seeks buddies, 18-33 for mutual spanking. No heavy S/M. Send letter and photo to Box 1513, New Haven, CT 06506.

GWM 27, 180 lbs., short brown hair, trim beard, seeks sincere with rubber interests. Prefer older, bearded, hayvett, avuncular. Distant okay. Box 1712.

RASSLIN'

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks jocks for rasslin'. Box B28.

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER

Looking for Leather/Levi, S&M slave. Those who want a dominant Master into Leather, bondage and many other interesting sexual scenes. Send me your application. Acceptable applicants will be trained to explore new adventures. If you are experienced send me your Application also. Box 437.

STAMFORD

Requires total obedience. Have 9 1/2" to force feed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 579.

SOUTHERN CONN. MASQUILINE

HOT AND HORNY W/m, Aries, 42, 5'10", good body, 162 lbs. with 7" UNCUT. Into motorcycles, boots and really hot sessions. Mostly MASTER but can switch with right person. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 1477.

DELAWARE

DELAWARE—3 ways or 4, B/D, S/M, W/S, leather, military, boots, hard sex. Bearded blond, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7" U/C, Brown, hairy, 5'11", 30, 180 lbs., 9" U/C, tight, Wants W/m, 30-40 experienced S/M, hung, Absol. No fats or fems. Travel to NY, Phila., D.C. Photo a must. Box 1757.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED

S, 6', 51, 185 lbs., will train slave any age with good body, firm buns. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

HANDSOME

Young Master seeks very young pretty ass. Photo a must. Ray, P.O. Box 19082, 20th St. Station, Washington, DC 20036. Can travel.

WASHINGTON, DC AREA

M, 31, 160 lbs., 30" waist, white, 6", runner/weightlifter. Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar 3 for erotic S&M. B&D. Box 215.

MD, DC, VA AREAS

Two bodybuilders S. 6'1", 172 lbs., 36, 7½", M, 8'1", 175 lbs., 32, 8", both well built. Into S&M, bondage, discipline, heavy tit work, but masculine guys. Interested in one-on-one, three-ways or groups. Reply with photo if possible and phone. Box 36.

WASHINGTON DC AREA W/m, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., b/b/b, seeks w/m partner, 25-40, with facility for B&D, enemas. Can travel Wash.-Ar. No feds, drugs, sack. Photo requested. P.O. Box 23867, Wash. DC 20024.

FLORIDA

LIVE IN FLORIDA

W/M, 27, 6', 150 lbs. Bottom. Travels state regularly on business. Willing to serve hung top/masters in exchange for place to stay. Almost every scene welcome, the kinkier the better. Am very good looking and always horny. Send reply with requirement to Box 1761.

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

WANTED: clean, honest, slim, well hung, hard cock, hot assed, w/m 30-40 with no hang-ups. Ready to serve two hot tattooed, hung gem 34-46 intelligent and honest into leather-/levis scene in position to offer to right man who can meet qualifications. Send reply with photo to Box 1786.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT

SM, 38, advertising photographer specializing in travel accounts, seeks young man for assistance. Exp. Experience not necessary, must be hard worker, honest, dependable, presentable to clients. Able to handle lighting and photo equipment. Assignments are 30% Florida, 52% rest of USA, and 20% foreign. All expenses and percentages. Send background photo and phone. JVE, Box 10084, Bradenton, Florida 33557.

OTHER STALLIONS

FORT LAUDERDALE Stallion wants other stallions who seriously will fight for the right role. Only young, built, hung dudes with nice asses and cocky attitude should respond. If you're used to riding, see how it feels to have the real stud up your ass. Get the balls, you half-assed "S"? Box 11624, Coral Ridge, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308.

TALLAHASSEE W/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

Want to eat from your dog bowl and feel your riding? Only a stud can give you that. Uncut thick cock, hanging balls, a hairy ass for me to eat from, and you are very strict in your demands, please contact me. I am 39, 5'10", 184 lbs., 9" uncult. Box 735.

STALLION VS STALLION

FT. LAUDERDALE WRESTLE, COCK-FIGHT, Spank, ver., Leather, Piss, just fine. You/Me, the Fuck, Goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs, 5'10½", 7½" cock, BB wants ride, the hole of another proud beatin' Stallion. E'Spanish arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.

Daytona—Wanted: Permanent House Slave. Box 226, Daytona, FL 32015.

SLAVE TRAINING AVAILABLE

SUNRISE Masculine, goodlooking top with firm but gentle style seeks candidates for training. Applicant shall include photo with written or recorded (cassette) application. Box 1449.

SM PISCES

36, 5'8", 155 lbs., well built, white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well built, big, no fats, feds. Box 009.

RED-NECK FIGHTER

Muscular young gladiator slave into all types of fighting, wrestling, boxing, etc. Tough, well-built figures send challenges/photos to: Bud "Maciste" Becher, c/o 5260 N.E. 6th Avenue, No. 8, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334.

FT. LAUDERDALE Part-time slave wanted by Scorpio, trim, athletic, bondage, discipline, humiliation, paddling, Noice or experienced. Must have firm body, smooth ass, very little body hair. Must be intelligent, discreet, youthful. No fats, feds, phones. Send detailed honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 881.

FT. LAUDERDALE Masculine, imaginative, dominant Master seeks together studs into FF, W/S, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline but no permanent damage or cast. Demanding but considerate. Am 45, 165 lbs., 7" cut with big balls and big hands. Box 258.

SW FLORIDA S Top, leather biker stud, 39, 5'7", 140 lbs., crew-cut, construction work, heavy-hung, dips, masculine only, hungry service buds for long hot leather sessions. No fats, old men, etc. You get my attention if you are into leather, levis, boots, bikes, slick hair, etc. Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible. Respect limits. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

HOT ADVENTURES IN PARADISE

Uncut 8" Sm transplanted San Franciscan, offers hot Key West action of qualified visitors. Hard-bodied, hard-headed, hard-playing 35-year-old welcomes other adventurous studs into exploring and actualizing our mutual fantasies. I'm attractive, intelligent, responsible, muscular and muscled, it takes the same to turn me on. Bonds, big tits, interest in bondage, S&M, CB and tit torture. FF are pluses, but less important than a hot body and sense of adventure. Planning a visit to paradise? Reply (with photo if possible) to Box 792.

MOTORCYCLE COPS

Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs., wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only boot-breath-uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

MIAMI W/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond/blue. Show off your tough hard body with this goodlooking raunch man into workout mates, mirror j/c, piss work, sweat, heavy dildo and enema action sought and given. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. Write w/photo. Box 47.

HAIRY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough, masters, write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in W/S, S&M, B&D, nimming, Ft. and Or with Mr. Right. Box 59.

Attractive, stable, intelligent man, mid 20s, white, 6'2", 180 lbs., experienced sado-masochism several years; wants similar man to mid-30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, support, respect, and care are requisite to building the trust and love central to any real sado-masochistic encounter. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential and expects the same. Central/South Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man. Box A37.

GEORGIA

SLEAZY ACTION

AUGUSTA W/m, 42, 150 lbs., 6", short cropped hair, mustache, good body, needs V/A, W/S. Shaving and whipping from imaginative tops. Sleazy action and long hot sessions. Can be top, per bottom for experienced man. Box 1571.

ATLANTA MS Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, tit work, and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assumed, expansion by mutual consent. Box 714.

M, 26, white, 5'10", 147 lbs., into rough fucking and tit fucking, piss, S&M, B&D, verbal abuse, leather, boots, bikes, etc. Seeking a top with responsiveness with aggressive tops in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. No feds, sack, scars, or blood. Box 288.

ATLANTA G, slave 30, 5'11", 155 lbs., training in B/D, S/M, W/S, etc. Rob. Box 1122, Tucker, GA 30084.

DISCREET in the closet muscular and masculine. Wants to experience all scenes with other discreet firm built males. Box 1785.

DOMINANT TOP WANTED

ATHENS W/m, 6'1", 185 lbs., red hair/beard, seeks muscular, dominant topman. Write w/photo: ROY, 124 Mulberry Street, Athens, GA 30601.

HAWAII

SUBMISSION AND INTERROGATION

Write to S.M. Japanese bodybuilder, 46, 5'4", 123 lbs., mustache. Seeking goodlooking w/m HERO with hard bod. Your letter with photo will get a line. Honolulu area only! Box 1788.

ILLINOIS

BOOTLICKER

CHICAGO RINGED M, 31, 6'1", 175 lbs. Needs humiliation and abuse from strong-willed cocky Master, into suspension, bondage, tits, piss, rubber. Write W/L, 6036 Newgate St., Chicago, IL 60626.

CHICAGO/ST. LOUIS W/m, 42, tall, slender, tattooed and kinky. Looking for C/L well-built jocks and leather studs who have what it takes to fuck my ass into total submission, then and only then will I kiss your feet and call you Master. It can be done but it takes a MAN. Box 1608.

DUNGEON/PLAYROOM

CHICAGO Dungeon/Playroom available for your private sessions or parties. \$200 a hr., fully equipped, cell, tub, slings, suspension and B&D area, rack, toys, posts, etc. Private. Reasonable. Top Supervision optional. Traynor (312) 525-3341.

SLAVEBOY SOUGHT

CHICAGO W/m, 44, 6'2", 165 lbs., hairy, wants small, slender slave houseboy. Must be 20 to 30, under 140 lbs., with small, firm buns and insatiable desire to be fucked. Prefer gentle, somewhat fem, pretty boy [a top or not now favored]. Must be permanent, secure relationship, and who enjoys sex and "belonging to a man". No drugs. Box 1567.

LICK A DIRTY BODY

CHICAGO Pig ass of any kind (crudy crotch, armpits, and ass, piss or shit, toilets, face sitting, mud, sweat, grease) in or out of clothes (uniforms, Leather, levis, jocks, gym shorts, etc.) with or without bondage. Hot goodlooking man, 35, 6', 165 lbs., seeks any into any of the above to serve me or do mutual trade-off. Fantasy, dildos, pain, role playing, anything different or bizarre turns me on. We can do it all. Travel US. Send photo and dirty letter. Box 564.

FANTASIES FULFILLED

CHICAGO MASTER White male, 41, 6'3", 195 lbs. will fulfill your fantasies. Military Discipline, S&M, Fraternity Initiations, Prisoner, Humiliation, Bondage, etc. Send photo if possible. All needs answered. Chicago Metro. Call or write, P.O. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690.

Chicago Aries 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to be obedient, knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

NEED HAIRY-CHESTED SADIST

CHICAGO To work me over in heavy scenes for mutual pleasure. Cigar smoker a plus. Cock balls, tit piercings, flisting, ball busting, etc. I am 6'1", 190 lbs., 37, with 8½" cock. In good shape. Box 1371.

CHICAGO COUPLE into FF, B&D

seek like-minded men for three ways, group sex, and other. I am 5'4", 120 lbs., Bottom, 27, 140 lbs, 6". Reply with photo gets ours. Only seriously minded MEN need reply. Box 1340.

SLAVE FOR SALE

AND/OR BROWN

5'10", 185 lbs. Brown hair, Blue eyes, 5'14½", 165 lbs. S/M, B&D, W/S, etc. Not used often. Strong Master could train right. Send your requirements. Box 1426.

WANTED: Writer needs input for story tellin'. Dr. Fiedermass says my fiction lacks authenticity and I am the S&M do's and don'ts. Brian O'Hara, 4321 W. 95th St., Oak Lawn, IL 60453.

CHICAGO W/m, 38, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8", seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level head. Box 894.

Big young man, 21, 5'10", 234 lbs., b/r/b, looking for someone to take me S&M and anything that can be enjoyable. Would like to learn how to be a slave and Master. Please send phone and photo. And let me know what you want to learn me. Don't, Box 18, Toxanne Trailer Ct., Carbondale, IL 62901.

CHICAGO White, 34, 5'6", 140 lbs., 7" cock. Top wants other tops or aggressive bottoms for extended, multi-scene action: sucking, fucking, rimming, jocks, J/O, W/S, full fucking and ball work. More body hair the better. Letters with photo gets same—pronto. Box 1460.

URBAN COWBOY

Saddleup, ride, spur, 50, 5'8", 155 lbs., tallion. Other stations welcome. Other interests too. A. Zeller, P.O. Box 3200, Chicago, IL 60690.

STARVED PIG

Slim, 50 yr. old needs to drink recycled beer, recycled lunch and spittoon of cigar smoking, foul mouth stud, who loves to fuck. Photo please. A-Z, P.O. Box 3201, Chicago, IL 60690.

CHICAGO

Sit back, watch video porn., throw up your legs and let me rim your ass. Or piss in my mouth, or sit on my face and twist my C&B's ME 38, 5'7", 138, 7", beard. YOU GWM, BI or married, 18-40, TOP, average to thin. All hot letters with pics. answered first. Box 1798.

INDIANA

REAL MASTER WANTED

INDIANAPOLIS W/m, 23, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7". Hot slave seeks real Master to put me in my place. Make me beg to serve your boots and cock. Fill my mouth with your piss and my ass with your manhood. Into all fetishes, verbal abuse, bondage. Can travel. If you're man enough to tame me please write Box 1570.

EVANSVILLE W/m, 30, 5'11", 175 lbs., bearded and hairy. Seeking big-muscled men into flexing, body massage and body contact. Box 1254.

MASTER WANTS SLAVES:

FORT WAYNE Novice or experienced. Light or heavy S&M. Must have good body. Master is masculine, 42, lean, muscular, 5'11", 160 lbs. Write: P.O. Box 12302, Fort Wayne, IN 46863.

INDIANAPOLIS M, 49, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6'8", white, inexperienced. Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please. Box 833.

INDIANAPOLIS M, 26, 6', 180 lbs., 6'8" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic. Interest is heavy ball work. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-45. No fats, fems, drugs, w/s or scat. Box 1549.

IOWA

IOWA MASTER 6', lean, white, seeks permanent slave for complete physical & mental training, naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application & phone to Box 979.

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

LEXINGTON S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 886, Lexington, KY 40588.

LOUISIANA

DAVID'S MODELS

NEW ORLEANS—A variety of 1st class models for your enjoyment. Call (504) 524-0988 ask for David.

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

NEW ORLEANS W/m, 35, Leather, Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, high black boots, full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1599.

FATHER-SON

MONROE W/m, 34, 6', 175 lbs., into father/son, reform school type discipline. Both roles. Would like to hear about fantasies and possibly meet. Box 1576.

NEW ORLEANS MASTER:

NEW ORLEANS 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., 6", into B&D, disses, C&B, T/T, straps, belts, FF, W/S. Seeks summer trainees, 18-30. Must be together and sincere. Send honest letter with photo. Box 1541.

IF IT ISN'T HERE IT ISN'T ANYWHERE

MAINE

HAVE A FANTASY?

Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine woods into all scenes: groups, FF, WS, J/O, tit and ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aroma, ready for hot, kinky action. Come visit, write or call. Your photo gets ours. Lee Quebecois sort toutout les bienvenus. Box 796.

MARYLAND

MASTER

LUTHERVILLE Master seeks respect and service from 2-legged stud with tail. Will consider novice trainee. Send photo & full information. Box 1602.

WANTED:

BALTIMORE CLEAN, WELL-HUNG, HOT ASSED, HARD DICK, BUTT FUCKIN', ASS EATING, DICK SUCKIN', TOE SUCKIN', WHITE, BLACK OR LATINO PIG, 25-35. Able to work 8 hours, sleep 8 hours and fuck 8 hours a day, every day. To service two hot, tattooed, pierced, shaved, self-supporting whites, 35 and 40, into total mind and body ownership, shaving, piercing, C&B, tit torture, toys, W/S, FF, and much more. Two fully equipped playrooms. Tattoos and piercing a plus, but not presently required. Objective: Permanent full-time, three-way relationship, possible business partnership. Only serious apply with photo and stats. Ed and Richard, C/O LEATHER UNDERGROUND, 208 READ STREET, BALTIMORE, MD 21201.

White male, 45, 5'5", 160 lbs., bottom looking for top. No scat, FF, or dope. All else ok. Blacks or whites. Max Gertson, 9 Manchester Place, Silver Spring, MD 20901.

BALTIMORE OR WASHINGTON, DC area S/M (either role), into L/L, WS, CBT/T, B&D, strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Free sent visitor to Chicago, LA., S.F. Box 855.

NOVICE

BALTIMORE AREA M, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere understanding, experienced and knowledgeable Master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 128.

HAGERSTOWN W/m, 35, 6'1", 170 lbs., bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be totally male. Box 36.

OPEN 6 AM DAILY



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BALTIMORE AREA M/S, 5'8", 160 lbs., interested in meeting locals or in general for active relationship, into almost anything. No tats, fems. Beards, moustaches a plus, hairy body a plus. Must have intelligence and ability to swing both ways. Willing to bring out and teach. Box 655.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT JACK OFF SCENES

BOSTON Wanted by hot attractive brown complexion guy visiting San Francisco and Los Angeles soon. Body cuts, aroma, vitamins, C&B, S&M, B&D, or FF. Your recent photo is a must and returned promptly at your request. Let's get it on. Box 1537.

HIDE TANNING: NEW ENGLAND/MY

W/m, 5'9", 34, 150 lbs, seeks to hear from you if you need to have your hide tanned and attended to. Disciplined and understanding. Also seek contact with other tanners in search of new hide. Box 1407.

CAPE COD, S, 52, 6", Taurus, 200 lbs. must muscular, tough, uncult, into S&M, B&D, W/S, shaving, FF, and all kinds of anal entry, enemas and other sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40, totally submissive, for prolonged long-term service. No tats, fems, or fms. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, tit piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt abuse, body whipping. No crybabies, softies, or thrill-seekers. Must apply I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation, and expects nothing but pain, torment and discomfort in return. Box 790.

EXPERIENCED TOYS

46, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks a partner over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721.

NOVICE Voyeur looking for involvement, W/m, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs., needs well-built Master to train my yearnings to serve and be freed of inhibitions. Must be tough and gentle. Into leather or light Lvs. Need titwork, bondage. I'm a challenge, but sure to be worth it. Picture appreciated. Box 1476.

BOSTON Bearded W/m, mid-30s, versatile and imaginative, 5'9", 155 lbs., uncult, hairy body, turned on by tit work, W/S, ass work, and foot licking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 840.

BOSTON & N.E. AREA M, 33, 5'8", brown hair & eyes. SIR, I wish to serve erotic Leather Man as his slave in Leather Bondage with cuffs, collars, hoods, C&B, W/S, FF, shaving, piercing, scat. SIR, thank you for your consideration. Box 1431.

MICHIGAN

BEARDED LEATHER MASTER

DETROIT 33, 5'10", 140 lbs., 9" Cock, looking for submissive slave, 21-35, Am into S&M, B&D, W/S, TT. Write with photo. Box 1532.

DETROIT W/m, 47, 5'8", 175 lbs., S.M. B&D. Solid and very hairy all over. Bottom, passive for lots of bondage/discipline. Particularly enjoy donkeys, jalls, cells and barns in bondage. Like enemas, dildoes, Greek ap., French ap., All kinds of felishes. No scat, and sometimes piss. No smokers and light drinkers. I have lots of toys and can entertain and welcome visitors especially from out of state. All races please. Sir, chain me up and rape my ass or gang bang me. Box 1290.

DETROIT White, hard-muscled top-man, 33, 5'9", 155 lbs., looking for stud under 40, top/bottom, to serve as right hand man in discipline sessions with butch slave, 22. Let's belt his tight buns, ride him at both ends, soak him in piss, and enjoy a beer as he worships our feet. Must be grateful. Have sling, also video equipment for voyeuristic cameraman. Photos exchanged, returned. Box 899.

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

White male, 26, 6", 160 lbs., into oral service. Versatile types, feel, will beg to receive well-endowed Master, 18-35, W/S, Steve, P.O. Box 123, Roseville, MI 48066. Photos answered first. White or Black.

UPPER MICHIGAN

boothed Farmer, 39, 5'10", 165 lbs., into outdoors and high black lace-up vibrum loggery. Seeks male under 40. Letter buddies welcome. Let's fuck, lick, and abuse bolls together. Box 1783.

WAYNE COUNTY AREA White slave, 21, needs Master, any race, any age. Into anything and everything. No limits. You call, I'll hit shots. Ready and willing. Sir, Box 826.

DETROIT W/M 38, 5'6", 140 lbs., good body, hairy and hung (especially thick). Needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive ASSES with good tight bodies to age 40. FF, Bondage, toys, tits, fun and good times. No tats or fms. Here or there. Photo preferred. Box 351. Farmington, MI 48024.

HAIKY AND HUNG THICK

DETROIT W/m, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., good body, hairy and hung, (exceptionally thick), needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive rears with good tight bodies to age 40. Vanilla, FF, Bondage. Toys and good times. Receptical. No tats or fms. Salt and pepper hair a plus. Photo preferred. Here or there. Box 361. Farmington, MI 48024.

MUSCULAR LEATHERMAN

DETROIT AREA ONLY Muscular leatherman into soft side of leather. Enjoy leather, boots, jockstraps, cuddling, kissing, J/O. Photo a must. Box 1506.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

DETROIT W/m, 33, 5'10", 150 lbs., It, brn hair, trim body, it, bondage with receptive rear, lit work a specialty. Will serve a cock completely. Fantasies a plus. Box 364, Hazel Park, MI 48030.

ROCHESTER S, 5'10", 160 lbs., 8" firm Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slave. Will train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, W/S, and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester, MI 48063.

MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Thumb area professional. William Proctor, Box 104, Cass City, MI 48026.

SOUTHFIELD 46m, 6", 160 lbs. German S, muscular, 7", uncult, seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing, with limits respected. No drugs, no tats, fms. Hairy body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

BLOND blued, goodlooking, German descent w/m desires thick cock 20-45 to do whatever appeals. Insatiable oral action and Greek passive. His filling. Must be hairy, fat and humpy. No tats or fms. Send photo and phone no. Box 1787.

LOOKING FOR MASTER

RENO SIR: Looking for master in Reno area to train slave for service and worship. Prefer bodybuilder with definite need to dominate. Am willing to expand limits for man who is capable of leading a slave into W/S, TT, B&D, and S&M. Age is 5'11", 158 lbs. W/btlu, 30, semi-muscular with good face. You are handsome and kind of man who should be served. Photo a must, yours will get mine. Thank you, SIR, for your TIME. Box 1387.

MINNESOTA

WANTED:

UNCULT WHITE TOP MAN

40-70, grizzled, masculine, white cocksucker must live with, worship and suck one, fuck one, straighten out, reciprocating, obscene fuckin' sort of a bitch. Full time, cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard hats, others welcome, like boots, levis, leather, piss. THICK peckers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo, Phone, Box 1261.

IF IT ISN'T HERE IT ISN'T ANYWHERE

MASTER WANTED

MINNEAPOLIS White, 25, handsome, masculine slave, 5'11", 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, dark beard, hot & horny, 7 1/2", Leo. I am ready to serve: white, 28-40 year-old slave. I would prefer tall, dark, hairy muscular masters. Beards, moustaches & big manly tool a plus. Let me serve you and worship you, obey you and love you. I dig all leather (gear & scenes) and am into body worship, J/O, dirty talk, posing, and anal. I will suck all boots & cys. gear. I beg you: Please, SIR, help this hot, wanting slave find an owner. Letters to Box 560.

TOILET FACE SITTING

MINNEAPOLIS SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7", bearded bottom for piss & scat. Love leather and hairy scenes, looking for fith freak, into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can also go top. Write: Al, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

MPLS. Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all men who are well hung and know what they want. No Fats. Box 825.

W/Male, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs., seeks slave or prisoner who needs tit, cock, & ball torture. Box 356.

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS W/m, 6'1", 165 lbs., 8" uncult, very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, straight acting and appearing, seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual play, balls, assholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or shaving. Any age, eager to explore. Box 886.

Young slaves may apply to versatile 6' bodybuilder (180 lbs.) for servitude stating qualifications along with photo. Various scenes possible and rewards given for excellent service. Located in St. Louis area. Box 159M.

ST. LOUIS W/m, 40, 6", 158 lbs., uncult, Cancerian, versatile, hot, goodlooking macho dude, into most scenes except scat. FF and heavy pain. Enjoy worshipping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean completely. Looking for oversexed hot dude, 21-45, who loves his cock taken care of, royally. Your photo gets mine. Box 64.

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, beard shaved. If you pass the novitiate you will be professed *Usque As Mortem*. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious meditation. Vocation to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

KANSAS CITY MASTER Affectionate Scorpio, uncult, 8", 5'8", 145 lbs., solid, prefer small, slim, nice, not a Greek passive, Fr. a/p. Live in lover/slave who needs to be owned, possessed for perm relationship with rnpng ups. Respect limits. Box 1318.

ST. LOUIS W/M 6'2", 175 lbs., needs hairy slaves. Can go either way, tough and hard or otherwise. This tongue is wild and will clean out every thing from assholes to armpits. Tit work a specialty. My hungry ass will take anything you have. Your photo gets mine. Box 1479.

NEBRASKA

CORNUSSON MAVERICK

Needs tannin! 5'4", leather, Levi, hornier than hell, like my sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think you're man enough to break me. Box 406.

SOUTH EAST NEBRASKA W/m, 40, 6'1", 180 lbs., uncult, looking for hot sex, 18-45. Enclose photo. Box 1459.

NEVADA

WILLING TO LEARN

RENO I'm completely inexperienced in the Leather World, but am willing to learn the way from an understanding, experienced Leatherman. I'm muscular, so want a very muscular, hairy man, like a cowboy, rimming, fucking, and would like to get into W/S. At this time I'm not interested in scat, FF, or heavy pain trips or heavy drug scenes. It isn't important that every man I desire be hairy, but must be muscular. Box 869.

NEW JERSEY

TATTOOED BIKER

BLACKWOOD Full heavy-leathered, dirty levis, big booted, tattooed biker seeks similar local bikers interested in wild prolonged J/O sessions, W/S, and riding together. Disks exchanging piss and cum. Write: Blackwood and levis. P.O. Box 284, Blackwood, New Jersey, 08012 (Send letter & photo).

MORRISTOWN S, 41, 6'2", 190 lbs., white, 7" cut, hairy body. Quiet, natural, down to earth, not into game playing, mental or fantasizing. I'm going, but I don't want to experience non-sense type of Master but one who understands the value of TLC. Seeks the services of a good slave, especially oral, 20s to 30s, for weeks or a possible permanent live-in relationship. Enjoy giving light workouts to a good body but will respect limits at all times. Willing to train novice. No drugs, tats, fms. Box 520.

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

NJ Only. Novice, 32, 5'10", 135 lbs., smooth, clean shaven, tall, intelligent Master. I'll try to please. No scat, heavy pain, scars, FF. Box A28.

IB3NEPTUNE 35, W/M, 5'8", 155 lbs., 7. Delinquent, undisciplined, slave seeks total arrogant hung Master, who demands frequent G. service. Sir, use paddle often to keep this ass as hot as your own personal cunt, urinal, and glory-hole. Box 1779.

CENTRAL JERSEY W/m, 39, 6', 175 lbs., tattooed, bodybuilder, leather stud. Harley rider with fifteen years experience as slave with private game room wants to hear from willing slave ages, 25-40. Limits respected and expanded. No reply without P.O. box, which gets mine. Write to: P.O. Box 13, Frenchtown, NJ 08825.

NEW YORK

SLAVE—Needs a rugged, muscular, master. I want to be taught what my ass and mouth were made for. I am into piss, C/B/T, humiliation, spit, punishment. No scat. I'm 34, 5'8", 145 lbs., very good body. Box 1797.

NATIONWIDE

STRICT Oriental DL, 28, accepting applications from recruits, white, 18-40 only. For boot camp training, strip discipline. Phone requested, photo optional. Travels nationwide. Box 1795.

BLOND LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Handsome, hairy male, light skin, dark hair, 6'1", 175 lbs., seeks blond leather top man. Spank my ass, and loosen my tight hole with your big dick. Work my tits over and make me kneel in my skin tight chaps. Box 1768.

SPANKING

W/M, 30s, 6', will administer sound spanking with belt or paddle for misbehavior. Age unimportant. Sincere only! Photo Box 1791.

AFFECTIONATE TOP WANTED

NEW YORK W/M, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown hair, bald on top, mustache. New into leather, like S&M (bottom). Needs understanding, affectionate top to show me the way and expand my limits. Ultimately would prefer permanent relationship with right man. Photo, phone appreciated. Box 1681.

DOMINANT GERMAN

NYC, 5'7", 31, 150 lbs., seeks real leather clad SIEGFRIED. Reply with photo and phone. Box 1758.

NEW YORK—slaveboy, 26, needs strong dominant Master or Topman. I am masculine, 5'9", 155 lbs., good-looking, obedient, and can take lots of ass fucking, face sitting, V/A, dildoes, w/s, bond, spanking, body and toilet service. You must be tough enough to take it. Mustache preferred. Quiet and phone to Jim, Box 581, NY, NY 10221.

VERY QUIET, very slim, bearded, W/m, 36, seeks athletic body of any shade clad in nylon briefs/panties, with hot lips. Write to Box 3042, NY, NY 10008.

GREENWICH VILLAGE submissive W/M, 48, firm, slender, G. pass, heavy tit work seeks lean dominants to 45. Any race. Box 1776.

QUEENS, NYC Mature M, Scorpio bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork. FF, W/S, Scat, Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 306.

NEW YORK CITY

MASTER WANTED

By M. 30. Genetix call guy into boxes, uniform, 22, SS, S&M, B&B, Leather, way out verbal trips, have good earnings want to share with big Husky man any age over 190 lbs. Must be mean and aggressive, cops, construction ok. Box 1324.

BOOT SEX

NEW YORK Hot, hunky stud wants others for all kinds of foot gear sex. S&M, B&D, W/S, poppers. Exchanges. Box 1573.

FOR EXPERTS ONLY

NEW YORK CITY Mature w/m, 5'8", 130 lbs. The best piece of ass on the East Coast. For experts only. Voluptuary, not porcine. World's most perfectly functioning tube. Can be stuffed at both ends. Not a submissive, but a participant. Long term chemical fuck prefer to avoid scat scenes, fats, opera queens in black leather and whole sameness in general. Bored by blueprints. I salvaged the Joyce A.K. Annette ad in issue 42. P.O. Box 478 NYC, NY 10011. Pics answered first.

ATTENTION NEW YORK SLAVES

NEW YORK You are muscular, youthful and hot with a genuine need to belong to a 6'4", Blond, 35 year old muscular Leather Master. You will be second Slave and learn to love pain and torment and will submit to heavy and creative S&M, B&D, etc. You generally don't answer ads but not wanting to miss the opportunity to serve this Master you will send your detailed application and photo. Box 673.

ORGVIS

HUNSDEN VALLEY-WESTERN CON. All guys in the area into hot kinky sex (F, W/S, J/D, Tilt and ball torture, piercing, bondage, voyeurism, etc.) Let's see if we can get some orgys going. Write Shoales, P.O. Box 24, America, NY 12501.

SEX-AGNARIAN!

Libra, M, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60s, white haired, blue eyes, man of distinction. Would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X.

MANHATTAN S. 35, 6'4", blonde. Have 6'3" muscular slave, 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M, B&D and video taping. If you are young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 452.

PIGGY RAUNCH

Versatile NY Chelsea W/m, Scorpio, 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF), L/V, W/S, scat, jocks, sweat, oil, shaving bits, c/b toilet, boots and socks with creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene. Box 703.

PUPPY SEKS BULLDOG

Hot Italian, 28, 5'7", 175 solid lbs., seeks beer-bellied brutes who enjoy a butch dog collared slave. Seek stocky chunky, 5'3"-5'10", 180 to 225 lbs., dominants who groove on service. Write with photo (returned) to: P.O. Box 3058, Church Street P.O., NYC, NY 10006.

S&M CLUB FORMING New York City Area only! All ages welcome! Write for free questionnaire and information. Occupant, 167 West 80th Street, Apt. 40, New York, NY 10024.

NEW YORK W/M 30, well built muscular guy with hard dick sticking out, hairy chest, full beard, sweaty jock and good body wants to hump up against a stud guy. Esp. fat, bald, swarthy guys in tight pants and over hanging body. I want to smell your crotch, feel up your ass and hump my hard dick against your hot dick 1330.

NEW YORK W/M, 35, 5'8", 160 lbs., 6' cut, medium build, seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave. Need strict but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80.

TATTOOED & PIERCED

43, 6'3", 165 lbs., interested in open, masculine W/M, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452.

NEW YORK CITY W/M, 28, 5'7", 140 lbs. Clean shaven, imaginative, seeks to be controlled by a Dominant top I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teaching ability. 25-40. Box 1370.

WRESTLERS STREET FIGHTERS

28, 6'2", 190 lbs., W/M. Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred L/L, jock, wrestling. Also wanted to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A.

HOUSEBOY FOR SALE:

Will take care of your home. Need one slave who will keep me naked, chained, and shaved. Use me for hard labor, abuse, total toilet and body service. Only serious minded over 35. NY, CT, NJ, Box 1312.

CAPITOL DISTRICT W/M, 34, 5'8", 170 lbs., thick beard, masculine, muscular and into rough leather sex. Have slave who will be used in sessions. Write with photo. Box B55.

NEW YORK W/M, 28, 155 lbs., 6'. Needs BD to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave. Send photo & phone. Box 1334.

NOVICE BLOND MASTER

NYC Tal, slim, goodlooking, Hung, M 20s, requires totally submissive slave(s) for experimental bondage and training as dog slave. You will strip, perform, beg to serve and obey in or out of bondage. No heavy pain trips. Limits respected, just Humiliation, degradation and servitude. Especially like Latin or Italian types but all goodlooking young slaves considered. Also like to hear from other Masters. Box 1321.

ATTENTION! All husky, smooth skinned, college type bottoms opportunity to serve and submit to my hot, football player jock master while I watch and worship. Expect heavy bondage, light S&M. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience and limits, if any. Photo preferred. Southern Connecticut location. Box B31.

NY—W/M, bearded, 45, into leather, B/D, S/M, C/B/T, W/S, seeks USMC type, Any age or race welcome. Box 3092, Grand Central Station, NYC, NY 10013.

WRESTLERS-LEVIS-S&M

Mean, tough, vicious, ruthless stud, W/M, 27, wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages, into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts. Etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box 804.

BALLS, 43, 5'8", W, 152 lbs. Hot, out-of-control type, together and creative. My sack hangs heavy with full hot nuts. If you're into giving & getting sensual pain to balls, let's get it on. Lots of equipment. A photo of your sack gets mine. Box 1286.

CRUCIFIX S&M COUPLE LOOKING

W/m or real live and leatherman in the Syracuse and NYC Area for medium to heavy sessions. I'm 34, 5'11", 150 lbs., dark hair, beard, mustache, top & bottom. Our interests are Bondage, Piercing, Nailing, FF, Wax, Shaving, T/T, C&B Torture, Whipping, W/S, Scat, etc. Limits within reason respected. Letter & Photo to: Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220.

NEW YORK CITY-HOT LOOKING

W/M, 36, seeks goodlooking men over 40 who like their balls worked over. Have interesting toys for our enjoyment. Reply only if you like the real thing. Box 1465.

NEW YORK CITY W/M

28, 5'8", 150 lbs., 42" Chest, 30" Waist. Looking for a Dominant Masculine rugged sex partner. 30 years or older. Box 1464.

NYC, FF RECEIVER W/M

28, 5'4", 110 lbs., 7", needs scenes with 30's Leather FFA Master into calibrated pain, B&D, Shaving, toys, Photos, groups. Throw my ass in your sling. Box 1289.

MUSCULINE HUNG AND DOMINANT

BROOKLYN Attractive W/m, 30's, Masculine, Hung, Dominant, Stable & Nice. Wants GWM who enjoys being G/Pass, good buds (enough to hold on to) and good sex. Very affectionate devoted for perm. relationship. Photo/phone if possible. Will send mine. Box 5177, New York, NY 10163.

OBEDIENT BODY

SLAVE AVAILABLE

NEW YORK CITY Serious Bodybuilder, 5'9", 185 lbs., 28, goodlooking. Seeks strict supervision, piercing, military regimentation, dog discipline, body and mind ownership, by a Master who wants to be proud of his obedient body slave. Photo requested. SIR, Box 1493.

ATTACTIVE

EXPERIENCED SLAVE

NEW YORK W/M, 31, 6'1", 185 lbs., athletic body, intelligent and trendy. 181 lbs., 181 lbs., goodlooking, punyish and uninhibited Master to experience imaginative & heavy S&M and total submission. Photo appreciated. Please write to: Box 2001, Response answering service, 316 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10001 for prompt reply.

ROUGH-HOUSE & RAUNCH

Buddy wanted for hot, wet, rugged contact in and out of sweaty jocks. Especially UNCUTS. Send Photo: P.O. Box 1328, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.

NEW YORK SLAVE

W/M, 27, 5'8", 140 lbs. Solid body needs forceful Men to work on my BARE-ASS. Paddles, crops, whips. LB #37, 470 2nd Ave., New York, NY 10016.

(212) 672-1010

NEW YORK CITY Lean, mean & Dominate top, straddled with both insatiable appetite, as well as a pen-former members of the Military establishment, looking for boys who read going at it on a holds barred basis. Meaning fast, rough and often... (contrary to popular belief, some people do feel quality is better than quantity.) Should you call at seven, be prepared to service by eight, or better yet, don't call. Out of towners given special consideration and treatment. Box 4033, New York City, NY 10163.

NEW YORK 35 Aquatic, blond, blue-eyed, goodlooking (clean cut but not effeminate), W/M desires to service, relieve, and please macho MASTER, Clint Eastwood types. Not into heavy S&M or FF, but like to receive verbal abuse, W/S, and service dominant henchos who want service and relief. Turned on by leather shoes, boots, cigars, and male swagger. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letters welcome and answered promptly, ages 23 to 50. Box 220K.

MANHATTAN Black man, 50, seeks white, non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wearing his tits tortured, enjoying having his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his head, in service, allegiance. Love and communion. Box 510.

NAKED SLAVE WANTED

NEW YORK CITY Naked slave wanted for S&M Bondage by experienced Master & Personal Data to Master Mel, P.O. Box 338, Audubon Sta., New York City, NY 10032.

BUFFALO W/M, 42, 6'11", 174 lbs., uniforms, leather, laces, nipple, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

NYC, needed by dominant 6'2", 190 lbs., 32, bearded, hungst. To clean and organize filthy apt and tend to personal and hygienic needs of the above. You will be totally sun for the weekend (Fri.-Sun.), and required to do varied tasks. Possible perm. position. Apply with phone and recent photo. Nude if possible. Max. attire for indoor work is jock strap. State avail weekends. References if possible. Box 1759.

MANHATTAN, slave sought by master, 42, 6'11", 210 lbs., with four piercings, super heavy spankings, farout humiliation, photo shaving, rigid bondage and total absolute submission. You be white, 18-25, not over 6', very muscular and athletic, and good looking. Send name and photo, nude if possible. Box 1760.

EXTREMELY HANDSOME

NEW HAVEN, 26, Handsome, 4'11", Hairy Chest, 30", Waist, 6", 170 lbs. Muscular, defined butt. Seeks same, any race. Photo a must. Travel NY & CA. Occupant, Box 397, New Haven, CT 06510.

S/M, B/D, W/S FETISHES

Find one who shares your interests. Read S/MADS, Young \$2.00 for sample copy. State you're over 21. Box 712, NYC, NY 10013.

GREENWICH VILLAGE M into total rigid prolonged leather bondage. Into permanent bondage lifestyle. Am 38, uncult, 5'10", 165 lbs. Box 1790.

Wanna be stripped, gagged, chained, hoisted, shaved, polarioided, and worked over head to feet by mature, experienced Master? Send pic & personal data to Box A90.

CREATIVE S&M WRESTLING

HOT, BUILT, HUNG ITALIAN, 34, 5'8", 155 lbs., ex-Pro Grappler, wears long imaginative free-style, developing dominating holds, moving into clever gear, oil, toys, C&B, and Tit Torture. No hangups. Travel USA. Photo must. Box 6186, Albany, NY 12205.

NEW YORK CITY AREA S&M WANTED TO MEET OTHERS into mutual satisfaction. Interest in Leather, Lube, Rubber, Jackstraps, Boots, Cock and Ball work, Tit work. Can top or bottom but prefer BOTTOM. Love J/O W/S, Sucking, Fucking. Box 1383.

GREENWICH VILLAGE M, 43, 5'6", 145 lbs., 5'9", Cut, White, warm, intelligent, level headed bottom seeks imaginative, experienced, caring Macho Leather, Lube, and Toys to help discover and expand my limits. Your service, my pleasure. No Fats, Fems or fakes. Sexuality a plus. Box 1392.

TIGHT 501 LEVIS & SCAT

GWM 35, seeks young, 18-30, well built guys who wear tight levis and will give scat. I service with a super hot rim job, B/G, tongue bath, and body worship. Serious only please. Syracuse, New York Area, Jim (315) 638-0980.

NEW YORK W/M, 5'11", 145 lbs. Wants to meet young Horny Studs who dig wearing and looking in high boots. Photo appreciated. Write to: P.O. Box 1061, New York, NY 10028.

HOT & HUMPY

NEW YORK HOT & Humpy? 18-30? Want best head in town? Privacy in east side pad. Man to Man. No fags. Photo and phone are a must. Box A29, New York, NY 10022.

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED:

GREENWICH VILLAGE Experienced S/W/M, Taurus, 47, 5'9", 172 lbs. Cut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks total from slaves for long, hot session. Must have erudite, crave slow torture, punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S&M, B&D, W/S, etc. No Scat. If you're a real Man/slave, white submissive, groveling, let me know. No fems, fags, fakes. Box 185R.

MUSCULAR TORTURE

SLAVE WANTED

NEW YORK Master, 35, 6'4", Blonde with 6'3" Slave, 31, train wanted. Detailed attractive, muscular torture slave. Send detailed application with photo. Box 673.

10 INCH CCK

CHICAGO Black male, 6', 175 lbs., 10 inch Dick into leather boots, chains, scat, piss. Hot candle wax. Veg Fucking European exp. for weekend trip to New York. Possible relationship. New York replies Only. Box 1530.

DISCIPLINE

NEW YORK CITY Tall, very handsome muscular, masculine BB, Topman Master, W/M, 28, 6'1", 180 lbs., uncult HOT. Requires submissive slave (young) for erotic types to 30) for obedience training, B&D, domination, degradation, spanking, body worship, servitude. Send respectful letter detailing your description and how you wish to be enjoyed. Preferred. To: P.O. Box 53, New Gardens Sta., NY 11415.

NEW YORK W/M 36, 160 lbs. Novice Wishes Training as slave. Will consider any type of bondage. Need help Sir to learn to serve and obey without question and accept treatment gratefully. Prefer tall & strict no nonsense Master. Box 1421.

WANTED

NEW YORK CITY Hot young muscular stud (18-35) Topman, with big fat uncult cock and Balls (Hung like a horse). Also guys with balls the size of oranges, that are into locks, lewis, Master-slave games. Fucking, ass play, FF, and need good HOT S/W/M. I'm super goodlooking W/M, 38, 5'9", 165 lbs., short blond hair, blue eyes. Masculine. Send photo. Box 1560.

SPANKINGS

NEW YORK CITY Spankings given or Received by W/m, 25, Student, with strap or paddle. Send descriptive letter and photo if possible. Box 1526.

NORTH CAROLINA

GOLDSBORO, NC/1-95 TRAVELERS And Hunky Leather and boot wearing dudes notice. Two Leather loving, boot worshipping men, looking for friends, and want to help others. Both versatile W/Ms, 190 lbs and 180 lbs., 5'11" and 5'10". Harley riders. Looking for a pet under 30 over 21, to take care of, Phone, photo replies answered first. Traveling soon. Viole now, Rick & Larry, Rt. 2, Box 137, La Grange, NC 28551.

OHIO

BOOT LOVER

25, 5'7", 137 lbs., looking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to kick them and cum on them. Box 151.

SLIM NOVICE

23, Columbus desires manhandling, WS, boots, handcuffs, verbal, etc., from understanding big brother. Write with picture and telephone. Box 1331.

BEAR

CLEVELAND Bear Seeks vers. Kinky cuts, under 35 for possible relationship. Photo, phone. Box 1613.

SEEK LOCAL FRIENDS

COLUMBUS SM, 33, 6', 180 lbs., 7", Aries, experienced. Seeks local friends under 30, I'm into bondage, tit and C&B. Pain. Have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to: Box 2042, Columbus, Ohio 43220.

CLEVELAND MACHO MEN

CLEVELAND Hot and Horny W/M, 31, 175 lbs., seeks Cleveland area hunk who are into cock sucking (A/P), Fucking, Light S&M and B&D, some W/S, J/O, MS and/or shaving. Both on my list. Prefer aggressive and Dominant partners with muscular or slender bodies. Will REVERSE roles to submissive partners. No fags to please. Reply with photo and phone number. Boxholder, P.O. Box 29293, Cleveland, Ohio 44129.

COLUMBUS SM, 32, 6', 160 lbs., 7", Aries, intelligent professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain. Have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to: Box 730.

COLUMBUS SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 7", Aries, intelligent, professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain. Have many toys and enjoy using them. Send letter with photo to: Box 20422, Columbus, Ohio 43220.

BOOT FETISHISTS

Would like to meet and/or correspond with men into BOOT WORSHIP. Box 1478.

HOT HORNY MASTER

Goodlooking heavy set Master 30, seeks slaves under 35, for training and punishment, limitless experience and expanded. Box 1331.

CINCINNATI W/M 33, 160 lbs., br hair, bl eyes, beard, would like to meet guys 18-34, straight acting, I like music, bowling, walking in the woods, movies, nudity, acting. NO B&D, S&M, 1-1388 LeBaron Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45241 (Box 17).

SIRI W/M slave, 33, 5'11", 175 lbs., 7" cut, new to scene, seeks experienced Master for training. Box B24.

ARMY DOG BOOT SLAVE

W/M, 22, 125 lbs., 5'8", brn hair, beard, into W/S, B/O, S&M, spit, far, leather, boots, foot service, no violence, worship. I need a beer drinkin', cigar smoking, firm hande 1 Master to keep me in my place. Would relocate for the right Master. Phone and photo will get mine. NC fags fakes. Box 1763.

DAYTON S, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs., looking for part time slave, houseboy. Pay considered for the right guy who is as willing to work as play. Goodlooking, demanding, considerate master, the slave should have average, NC, be white, and into the head trip as well as the physical. Box 678.

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot young white Master, 23, new to Cleveland, 6', 165 lbs, 8", exceptional mind, meat, locks, body, would like to meet hot, USDA prime slaves and/or other masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone and limits to: SIR, Box 16416, Cleveland, Ohio 44116.

MASTER WANTED Age 30-45, by Novice in Dayton, Ohio. Should have average or nice body. Am Greek passive, French accent, heavy into pass. Write with photo and phone and limits to: SIR, Box 16416, Cleveland, Ohio 44116.

CINCINNATI MS/SM, Pisces, 28, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", novice intelligent, seeks mutual slave partners with friends, broiler, lover, 18-40, into light S&M, no fags, fems. Box A79.

CLEVELAND MS, 28, 6', 170 lbs., swimmer's build. Did you like playing cowboys and Indians as a kid? I still do. I'm into wrestling, being captured and being an ex-officer in my sensual like games, write to: Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121.

OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER, 38, 5'9", 190 lbs., uncult, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers in various uniforms, troopers and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No fags, overly fat, fems, or drugs. Discreet. Box 885.

MOUTH JOCK

A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensual mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy, 33, 6'2", solid body, 7", loose balls, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

TULSA Ok. Hot cock 5'9", hard, hung, Master. Looking for bearded, moustached slaves to endure moderate to heavy pain. Uniforms a plus. Call Rod (918) 665-1885.

OKLA CITY SM White, 43, 170 lbs., 5'10", good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to learn and teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Discreet. No fails, reply with photo. Box A53.

OKLA CITY-S. white, 44, 170 lbs., 5'10", muscular, wants young punk pig toilet slaves for any and all scenes. Except pain, humiliation, filth. If it isn't done right then you do it over. No fails or fems. Box 1769.

OREGON

HOT MEN WANTED

PORTLAND—34, 5'6", 175 lbs. Muscular, dark comp., Blk hair, Brn eyes, S. Beard & Moustache. Looking for Hot, horny, construction worker, cowboys, truckers, troopers, cycle cops, mounted cops, firemen, who are not overly thin but have some hot meat on their bones, but not grossly fat. If you're into fucking, sucking, sweat, piss, jock straps, levis, leather and domination, beard, hair, tattoos, cut or uncut, you may contact me with a letter and photo (**MUST BE NUDE**) showing off your assets. No blks, fems, dopers, heavy drinkers. Box 1584.

TIT ABUSE

SALEM—45, 6', 180 lbs., 5'7" long tits seeks younger W/m, needing tit elongation, abuse. Box 1649.

VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM MAN

Seeks GR A/P, FR A/P, in levis & boots. Bikers in leather okay too. NO S&M, drugs, smokers. Enjoy wide variety of expression but no painful or excessively kinky action. I'm in 40s, hung, discrete and affectionate. If you lust for life, I lust for you. Box A24.

ASS WARMER

SALEM—W/m, 6', 178 lbs. Hairy Body, 7", seeks 20—40 needing spreadeagle ass warming. CB&T abuse. Box 1650.

LEATHER DUDE

PORTLAND—W/m, 39, 6'4", 190 lbs. Leather dude grants permission to all slaves to submit application for training, facts and photo demanded. Likes considered, limits respected but expanded. Contact by Masters welcome. For info write: N.B., P.O. Box 3241, Portland, OR 97208.

NO NONSENSE LEATHER STUDMASTER

PORTLAND—W/m, 39, 6'4", 190 lbs. Blonde/Blue. Bearded grants permission to all short/dark bearded W/m Suck Slaves to submit applications for full time, live in permanent partner position of voluntary Bond & Room Servitude. You will be stripped, shaved, ringed, collared and branded. Terms are mine. Training of body, brain and balls. Used as I desire, abused if you deserve. Lots of discipline. Some affection. BB, B&D, W/S, TT, CBT, V/A, explore S&M. Only shock proof dudes, 21-35, need apply. Photo and frankness demanded. Box 1609.

HOT COB

Wanted by handsome, unruly fugitive, 31, 150 lbs., 5'7", Dave, Box 995, Beaverton, OR 97107.

PORTLAND PIG

Hairy, M, 22, 5'10", 170 lbs., wants aggressive top to help expand my limits into W/S, FF, Toys and want to learn more. Box 1336.

PORTLAND HARLEY OWNER

W/m, 40, into boots, breeches, leather, rubber, wants to meet other big bikers within 600 miles of Portland. Box 1328.

W/M, 24, NEED MY ASS warmed up real good. Turn me over your knee and spank me with your hand or bend me over a chair or on the bed and let me have it with a paddle. Box 1253.

PORTLAND BOTTOM Slender, Bearded, Cuddler, 37, seeks artistic Topman. Sensualist. Creative, into knots, OIL, many trips. Box 1259.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA S. Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, V/A, enemas, tit work. Novice acceptable. Limits respected, expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone to: P.O. Box 11095, Philadelphia, PA 19141, or DRUMMER Box 209.

FOOT SERVICE

I know how to please. 5'8", 32, 140 lbs., W/m, will worship your feet, boots. Moustache a plus. Beards OK. Box 705.

A SECRET SPOT

YORK A secret spot, a scorching summer sun. You and your buddy. Sinister, surly, sturdy, strapping, shirtless studs. Me. Staked down and strung up, stripped and stretched spreadeagle. From you, a snicker. From your sidekick, a sneer. Serious stuff. Box 1618.

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER

45, 5'8", 155 lbs., cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissive slaves under 6'. Fully equipped dungeon. Hot, heavy scenes. Want real submissive men, no phonies, fems, fats. Young novices considered for permanent servitude training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to: Master Boots, Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068.

WILKES BARRE S. Cancer, 43, 6', 170 lbs. White, Military/Penal discipline, over 20 years military experience. Seeks prisoners for steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise, hard labor in chains, interrogation. Scene is of primary importance. Limits observed, boundaries trained. No fems, fats. Box 055.

MUSCULAR & MASCULINE S

30, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8" cut, seeks instrument of suffering and service. You are a muscular straight appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of an understanding but strict and imaginative Master. Send your letter of submission with Photo to: Masters Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 18510.

PHILADELPHIA

LEATHER MASTER

40s, W/M 5'9", 165 lbs. masculine & hung requires W/m slave, 21-35, into S&M, B&D, W/S. Novices acceptable. Limits respected & expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo & phone number. P.O. Box 11095, Phila. PA 19141.

SCRANTON M. Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs., 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

Initiate me into the ritual of your fantasy. String me up in bondage, pierce me, flog me, torture me, torture my tits, cock, balls, fill my ass, piss in my face, let me suck your sweaty pits and worship your body, your cock, balls, tits, ass, feet. I am 6'1", 160 lbs., lean, with trimmed beard and moustache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box A72.

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No holds barred true tales of male/male sex. Includes: Boy-Ass At Texas Pond; Youth Takes Huge Snake in Ass; Frozen Cum—Thaw & Serve; Can Heterosexuals Be Cured?; Black Cock; Young Lawyer & His Teenangel; Sweet Ass at the Baths; His Cum Tasted So Good I Wanted His Piss—almost 200 pages & 20 full page nude sexy photos. \$11.

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Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Volume 2

PITTSBURGH S. 44, W/m, 6', 185 lbs. Hairy chest, 7" uncult, 8 year USMC, into B&D, leather, lewis wants masculine stud who understands submission and service. Willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 83.

PHILADELPHIA 27, 6'5", 215 lbs. seeks obedient slave for ass action, boot worship and plenty of cock. No vice ok, but must be willing to expand limits. Submissive letter and photo a must. Box A80.

WANNA SPEND A COLD NIGHT WITH A HOT MANT READ DRUMSETS

"SLAVE Sought"
PHILADELPHIA Goodlooking, 30, 6'4", 230 lbs., Muscular, masculine, S. You are Hunky, Hung, M, who needs creative abusive Master to control mind and body, Photo with letter of submission will be offered to: Master's Co. II, Box 3953, Philadelphia, PA 19146.

SLAVE AVAILABLE
For a real Master's whims, discipline, and bondage. You must be able to control me, I'm, 35, 6'2", Travel U.S.A. Photo and phone please. H.M. Box 209, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

HIGH BOOTS/LEATHER
47, 5'11", 160 lbs., bearded, tattooed, ringed boot seeks high booted full leather fetishists. Box 1789.

"STRAIGHT RAZOR SHAVING"
PHILADELPHIA AREA Master shaving a straight razor is available to make you as hairless as a baby from the top of your head (if possible) down to your nuts and asshole. A respectful request for a possible appointment including SASE and frontal nude will

SENSITIVE MASTER
PHILADELPHIA I do not hesitate to tell you I am a sensitive Master. Men come to me for many reasons: love, friendship, guidance, training. Some come and go. The knowing men return for my grasp, my mastery, I stress complete psychological discipline and devotion. Warning: Strict as I am sensitive, 35, bearded, 5'10" firm, handsome. Openings only for serious slaves and novices to age 40. Photo and respects to: D'Ortenzio, P.O. Box 2202, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

RHODE ISLAND

OBEDIENT SLAVE
PROVIDENCE American Indian and black male, 30, 5'8", 160 lbs. Weight lifter, muscular body, black leather Master who'll relocate in August, wants a Slave(s), any part of the country. Especially California, any race, under 50 but most important all young guys under 25 who realize they were born slaves and need a Master to show them what a slave is and how to serve and obey his MASTER. If my slave disobeys me in any way, he'll know punishment and torture and what a slave is. If you have no desire to serve a MASTER, don't write. No fens, phones. Photo of you and if you're worthy, will get one of me. Box 1548.

IF IT ISN'T HERE IT ISN'T ANYWHERE

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUGGESTIONS, SIR?
58, 6', 170 lbs., Brn/Gn, 6", inexp. but eager to learn. Have fantasies for

M, 25, white, 5'10", 145 lbs., into fucking and fast-lucking (receive), piss, S&M (whipping, tit & ball torture), bondage (spread-eagled, gaggs), domination, verbal abuse, leather, lewis, boots. Seeks meetings, correspondence with aggressive Tops, Masters in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. Box 288.

TENNESSEE

TENNESSEE Long, lean bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know what they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick sex and bull shit. Dig old fashioned hands-on man to man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything goes. A man should give me what a woman cannot. Men smell, men tastes, and good deep man sounds. Like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good to proudly share what you have with a man worthy of it. Prefer uncult, like me, with low hanging balls. If 41 years, 6', 155 lbs, 7", grey/black hair, beard, moustache sounds good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of 1981. Box 61.

TEXAS

GRAHAM 28, 5'9", 140 lbs., bottom needs playmate(s) or pen pal(s). Interests: W/S, FF, C/B, B/D, and Toys. One good picture deserves another. Box 1440.

DALLAS bottom, 30, 5'6", 140 lbs., hairy, bearded, seeks top. Into bondage, C/B, tits, ass play, and W/S. Box 1786.

EL PASO SLAVE(S) required to service military topmen. Should accept shaving, prolonged bondage and moderate discipline. Age unimportant, attitude is. Box 256.

DALLAS white, obedient, cock-sucker, goodlooking, 36, 5'11", 155 lbs. I like masculine studs dressed in stud clothing. Like all but FF, fucking, scat, heavy pain. Sir, let me serve your demands. Sir, please send photo and phone with your letter. All studs answered immediately. Box 1794.

DALLAS, goodlooking, white, dirty talking, bossy, dominant, leather study, 39, 6', 165 lbs. Wants submissive, worshipping, cocksucking boy to serve my 7's. Am into everything except FF. You must be nice looking, trim, under 40. Write description, state needs, desires, and include photo for instant reply. Box 1793.

SON/SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

Small and tender who seeks permanent secure relationship by W/M/W 50, 5'10", 285 lbs. Demanding but loving if earned. Phone (214) 586-2162. No collect calls please.

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER

36, 6', 165 lbs. Sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476.

TEXAS

Total slave. If you are prepared to not have a thought of your own, ready to be punished for the slightest infraction, ready to work your ass off by day and your mouth by night, humiliation etc. Apply with pic, phone, details of your submission. Box 1762.

DIG J/O

Hard, lean, long haired blonde, 6', 155 lbs., 24, digs hot j/o and body fucking. Digs cum shot all over ass. Also dig on mutual ass eating and long slippery make out sessions. Hard, young (over 18) dudes only who dig j/o. W/T, 4000 Hwy. 365, No. 231, Port Arthur, TX 77640.

BEAUMONT Young W/M, 6'2", 30, blond hair, blue eyes, Greek passive, French active, wants to meet sincere, masculine top man for possible relationship. Must be 30-45, honest, sincere, and trusting. Am willing to go into B&D and spankings. Please write to: Jon, 6337 College No. 4, Beaumont, TX 77707. Please include photo if possible.

EAGER TO LEARN

HOUSTON AREA W/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs., willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 1886.

HOUSTON MASTER 45, W/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., gets a first class typing applications slave. Must be masculine, well proportioned, obedient, willing to serve. Inexperience OK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confidential letter. Ask what questions you have NOW and include photo. Permanent live-in possible. I can travel. Box 633.

AUSTIN W/M, 36, 5'8", 145 lbs., bearded, into cut/uncut, light S&M, L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildos, total sex involvement. Will try uniforms, W/S, B&D, slave role. No fens, scats, blood, torture, or marks. Can be Top, bottom, mutual. Photo, phone gets immediate reply. Box 1751.

DALLAS 41 and out for kinky fun. Top guy 5'8", 165 lbs. nice looking. No scat, no fens, but lots of c/b, tit, and ass play, spankings, bondage and W/S. Enclose photo. 18 to 45, white only. Box 987.

HUNKY ORIENTAL 27, seeks a slave or Master into piercing, bondage, shaving, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864.

FT. WORTH SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7" uncult, German, Aquarius, is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scat, W/S. Box 059D.

CHAIN GANG

Need a rough and raunchy dude to make me work chain gang fantasy. Force hard labor, rough treatment, dirt, strict discipline. Like to hear real experiences of work gangs, etc. Details and photo gets mine. Can travel. Box 1314.

DALLAS SUBMISSIVE Hot, thirsty guy seeks men into piss, j/o, spit, verbal abuse, and dirty fantasies. Enclose phone number. Box 1376.

DALLAS W/M, 5'11", 165 lbs., 8" cock, mid 40s. Seeking dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, tits, balls, assholes, with leather, chains, jocks. Need hot cowboys and truckers. No fens, fates. Eager to explore. Box 1345.

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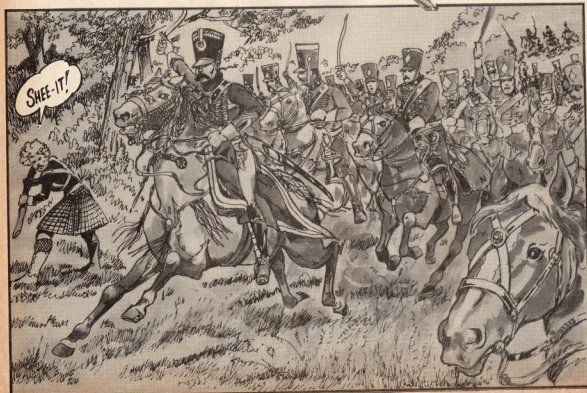


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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry—

I wrote you last summer and wondered if you could help me out again. Last time I wrote I asked for some ideas or suggestions for finding a partner. You gave me the name of a man in Penn. I contacted him and we did get together. There was only one problem. He was married to a woman, and didn't tell me until after I got there. It still worked out okay until the night before I left for home. We were caught together by her. For a while after I got home, I couldn't even get a hard on. Now, I'm doing better, but I'm still having problems finding someone. He was the first man I was with and I enjoyed our time together, except for the last night. I haven't been with anyone since him, and need to be with someone. The guys around here don't seem to wear any signs, and since that night I'm a little afraid to approach them. I'd appreciate some ideas or suggestions to help me. I hope it's not too much to ask. I just don't know what to do.

Stan (Southern Ohio)

Dear Stan,

My being able to send you a name last time you wrote was just a fluke, because I happened to get your letter only a day after the fellow in Penn had written asking the same thing you did. I merely put you both together, "for better or for worse." Your part of the country is one that I really do not know much about, although I have visited extensively in Indiana. If I can assume it to be somewhat the same, I can only say that there are plenty of opportunities about, but none of them are going to be very openly displayed. Telling people to be bold, and to approach a guy they find attractive (and for whom they have rea-

sonable expectations of being gay), is much more easily said than done. I know that for many people, it is almost impossible to approach a stranger. But this is exactly what you have to learn, especially in an area where the gay community is not very open and visible. After all, unless the guy is a heterosexual homophobe, the worst he's going to do is say "no." The only other answer is to move into an area where there's so much stuff around that cruising is like shooting fish in a barrel.

Dear Larry:

I'm in a strange situation, and I really don't know what I want to do, much less what I should do. Tell me what you think! I've had (and still have) a live-together relationship with my slave-lover for almost six years. My lover (I'll call him Dick) refuses to admit that we have come to the end of the line, and also refused to permit us to divide and/or sell the things we have acquired together. This includes a house, some stock, a small business, and some art works. Dick says that our SM relationship has run its natural course, and that we should continue to live together despite the lack of a satisfactory sexual relationship, and with both of us tricking out as we wish. I still love Dick, although I am not still "in love" with him. Except for the sexual problems I am comfortable living as we are. I don't know. I don't want to write a book on this, so I hope I've given you enough to enable you to make some comments.

Uncertain in Chicago

Dear Uncertain:

Your problem reflects one of the "basic truths" in 99% of the SM relationships that I know of, and one which I've remarked about before—in fact, been vilified for stating my beliefs too strongly within the hearing of someone in the early stages of his own SM love affair. Like the old song refrain, "too hot not to cool down," your SM love relationship has a built-in self destruct mechanism. The longer you make it with your M, the more he is going to demand of you in the way of physical and/or psychological abuse. From his standpoint, you are expressing your affection for him by this inverse display. At the same time, your feelings, as they mature into a deeper love (i.e., a love which transcends the purely physical sensations of your early encounters) will tend to become more positive, even protective. Sacher-Mosach was the first to recognize this, back in his 19th Century novels. So, that's the theory; what should you do about it? If you want to leave your present slave-lover, solely because you wish to be free to seek the perfect SM love relationship, I'd suggest you cool it... take some time and think

it over. You're seeking a will'o the wisp. If there are other reasons why you're unhappy, then make this break. However, from your abbreviated statements, it sounds to me as if you had a pretty successful bargain with Dick. Remember, "a bird in the hand..."

Dear Larry,

As one of the world's great foreskin lovers, I'm sure you can appreciate my passionate desire to acquire this bit of masculine erotica, ultimate erotica. Is there some place that specializes in this? With all of the plastic surgery going on these days, I'm sure there must be someone who can help me. The few times when I've gotten up the nerve to ask a doctor, he's simply told me "it can't be done." But I've read about it; in fact, just the other day I was reading a Taylor Caldwell novel about Palestine in the biblical days, and one of the characters is lamenting the fact that "so many Jews were having themselves uncircumcised." If they could do it then, why can't they do it now?

Clipped in Michigan

Dear Clipped,

Yes, the foreskin is indeed a marvelous, aesthetic appendage. Because of my own enthusiasm, I have been responsible for glorifying it for many people, and unfortunately I seem to have overglorified for some, and made them unhappy. I'm sorry about this, because lack of a foreskin certainly should not cause a man to feel inadequate. As to getting a foreskin, it has been some time since I discussed this at any length with any doctors whom I felt to be both sympathetic and knowledgeable. My impression at that time (those times) was "extremely difficult, unlikely chances of success, not worth the risk." There could have been some new developments, and if so I'd be glad to hear about them and to pass them along. At any rate, the two techniques I have heard described were: a) to cut around the head of the dick, on top of the circumcision scar, and to sew in the foreskin. b) to cut around the base of the dick, slide the skin forward and sew in the necessary replacement skin. This sounds easy, but it isn't. The only skin you can use is from your scrotum. How much excess have you got there? Then, the blood supply to the skin of the pecker is apparently not heavy enough to assure the proper healing-joining process. And lastly, the really good plastic surgeons don't want to do it, because the chances of success are so poor to start with; going to a lesser talent further decreases your odds. However, if there is a successful transplant out there, let's hear about it!

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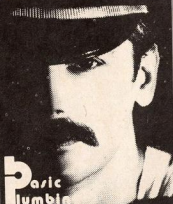
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LONDON LEATHER

Now all the fuss is over and the bunting's down, there is one thing we British have proved yet again: if anyone wants a parade organising, it's us they should turn to. Strange, though, that gay pride marches in this country aren't of the same calibre! Anyway, over the wedding of the new Prince and Princess of Wales, it was nice to see so many foreign visitors. The gay clubs were packed with your fellow countrymen. Heaven threw a huge bachelor party on the Tuesday before the great day. The club was packed with over 1000 people to give Charlie a really good send-off. MSC London (the Motor Sports Club) also celebrated the royal do the following Saturday with their first big party in their new premises. I've mentioned it before but you can find MSC London at the *London Apprentice Pub* at 223 Old Street EC1 on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The evening started off with a video-recording of the royal wedding and all members were given a free stick of royal wedding rock. What we were supposed to do with it, I'm not quite sure! But a few of the more flamboyant revellers had a few juicy suggestions! Come to think of it, I think I lost mine in *Subway* later on... MSC also gave away a dozen commemorative crown pieces. I'm pleased to say (being a right old Royalist underneath) I won one of them and it has pride of place now on the wall in the loo. While at the MSC party, *Capital Gay*, London's new gay newspaper, was there taking photographs. I find this very refreshing—at last the leather scene in this country is coming out of the closet, at least it has one foot out!

As we have just been through what we here vaguely describe as summer, most gay activity seems to grind to a halt—in the clubs that is—as people are taking their annual vacation. It's not like Paris, which closes down for a month, but there is a dearth of talent cruising *Subway* and *Heaven* most nights. Even I have moved down to Wales for a couple of months. I find London so boring during the summer. Though a friend of mine says he's in his element; so many scantily clad young men on the streets and in the parks.

Sundays, whether in summer or winter, in London tend to be the most boring days of all, because, as I've mentioned before, our ludicrous licensing laws really do fuck things up on the day of rest. So it's great to hear of a new disco operating only on Sunday nights.

This one has a drawback, however. It's the *Cruiser* disco (where do they get the names!) at the *Witchity* restaurant in Kensington High Street, about ten minutes walk from Earle Court. It has a 300 people capacity and is open from 10pm until 2am, the bar staying open until 1am. The admission fee is £1.50, no membership needed, but the drink prices are fucking extortionate. For example, £1 for scotch and tonic, 70p for half a pint of beer, with cocktails starting at £2. When the management were asked if they were overcharging, they replied they didn't think they were overpriced and anyway all the other bars were closed on a Sunday! My opinion is the place ought to be boycotted. I am pissed off with people (usually straight) taking advantage of gays. I'd rather stay home and beat off.

Talking of dancing and disco, there's one London American-style place that's been around for a long time. It's just been completely revamped too. It's *Bang* disco in the heart of the west end, Charing Cross Road, WC2. The revamping has taken the form of a better light and sound system and a raised dance-floor. The nice thing about *Bang* is that it has welcomed leather guys ever since it opened. No hassles here about getting in in your leathers. Or anything else for that matter. If dancing's really your scene, it's a great way to spend a Monday or Thursday night—don't go the rest of the week, it's straight...

I mentioned before that I vacationed in Wales this summer—and had a wonderful time. It's surprising the attitude to leather down there though. The one and only gay bar in Swansea (a big industrial city in South Wales) *Jingles*, was not going to let me through the front door. I was wearing a t-shirt, leather jacket and chaps—somewhat mild for me! The management had formed the impression that I'd only come to beat up their customers. Anyway, I eventually managed to persuade them that their clientele was safe and that I was really gay. Standing at the bar, it reminded me of London fifteen years ago. It's really funny, getting into some provincial cities is like journeying back in time. The other large city near where I stayed is Cardiff, the capital of Wales. It not only has a gay bar but two gay clubs as well! The gay bar is called *The Kings Cross* and although provincial is very friendly and there is a small smattering of leather to be found if you look. The two clubs are *Sirs* and *Hunters*. The former is the

more macho of the two but is very small. The music is utterly appalling—always eighteen months out of date. If you can put up with that though it's friendly and good fun. *Hunters*, on the other hand, is bigger. It seems to attract chickens and very butch lesbians, so it's not really my scene. Nevertheless, worth a visit if you're stuck out in the wilds.

Nice to see Freddie Mercury, lead singer with pop band *Queen*, frequenting the leather scene in London. It's nice to know that leather is not just confined to his stage appearances. Also, one of England's best known middle-of-the-road singers, who recently finished a season at the *Talk of the Town*, Tony Monopoly, seems to have moved lock, stock and harness into the *Coleherne* pub! Whoever next? Somebody you probably will not have heard of is one of the capital's zaniest DJs, and television personality Kenny Everett. He crops up on the gay scene quite regularly. Thank God a few personalities in this country aren't afraid of being seen.

—Bryan Derbyshire

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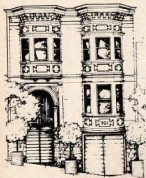
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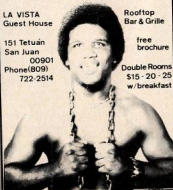
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DRUMMER'S BOOKS

SCI-FI TRIPLE FEATURE

If you spent your childhood Saturdays at triple science fiction features at the neighborhood theatre like I did, you know that usually one of the movies was in color (and recent) and the other two were black and white B-graders where some foul looking half-lungs was threatening to take over the earth. The lead movie may not have been much more than a B-grader itself, but at least it was in color. Well, it's no different with new sci-fi novels. Each year the book-racks are filled with variations on the same themes and occasionally a 'color' feature shows up. This year's treat (so far) is the paperback release of Douglas Adams' *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (Pocket Books, 1981, 25 pages). Adams has combined the surrealism of Vonnegut with the fancy of Stanislaw Lem in a very witty and equally dark sci-fi comedy that begins a few minutes before the world ends, skips through some of the most amazing star systems you'll ever encounter and winds up at the Restaurant At The End Of The Universe, a diner with a menu that one shudders to contemplate. This is one of those books that transcends its genre from the first page, and should prove to be a cult item among a diverse cross-section of readers.

Bantam is one of the larger sci-fi paperback publishers, with a large number of original works released each year. Much of their current crop is firmly set in the hard-core sci-fi adventure genre, like James Berry's *Quas Starbrite* (interstellar domination by half-humans thwarted off by handsome young star pilot), Jerry Earl Brown's *Under The City of the Angels* (future underwater scavenger attempts to save the earth from alien forces), Mike McQuay's *Escape From New York* (this one came out as a summer movie and is similar enough to a lot of other 'escape' movies and books), the same author's *Matthew Swain: Hot Time in Old Town* (which mixes science fiction with a detective story set in the future), and Stephen E. McDonald's *The Janus Syndrome* (this time the hero is a hit man employed by a secret race that is at war with a dark force and sometimes uses the earth as a background).

But Bantam has also maintained a steady stream of the more daring in science fiction writing, and is a good supplier of epic, multi-volume works. Jack Williamson's *The Humanoid Touch* finishes off this authors series of robot novels in an electric climax. Williamson's work on humanoids rivals Asimov,

the grand master of the poistrionic brain novels. His writing is more complex than Asimov—now necessarily a bad thing, since Asimov can seem very simple a decade after original publication.

Harry Harrison's trilogy, *The Stars*, has been published by Bantam in three separate volumes: *Homeworld*, *Wheelworld*, and *Starworld*, any of which stands well enough on its own. While Harrison's plots tend to run along the lines of protagonist-pitted-against-corrupt-master, his writing style is fluid and his plot structures are interesting.

Filled with passages of sado-masochistic sex and imagery... Delaney was going to create a sexual science fiction that would knock the socks off the establishment and attract a lot of new readers to the fold...

Samuel R. Delaney is, without question, at the center of the current science fiction literary elite. His books have been either clutched to sci-fi fan chests as bibles of daring and vision, or thrown against the wall in hopelessly confused desperation. I for one was mesmerized by his monumental 1974 novel *Dhalgren* when I wasn't cursing the author for flights of absolute self-indulgence that made him all but unreadable. Filled with scenes of sado-masochistic sexual madness and a vision of the future that sounded uncomfortably accurate—Delaney appeared to be the messiah that would bring masses of new readers to the sci-fi fields. The next moment I would be screaming that Delaney needed an editor—that no one who had recommended this manuscript for publication had read every paragraph of it. But Delaney is, if anything, a constant surprise. His earlier novel, *Nova*, I found original, clear, mysteriously funny and highly accessible. His more recent post-*Dhalgren* tome, *Tales of Neveryon* seemed complex but at least accessible, original, highly-creative. Delaney has written a great deal, and the leading contemporary sci-fi writers have praised him to the skies. A new title by Delaney, *Distant Stars* (Bantam, 1981, trade paperback, 352 pages, \$8.95) is seven very different pieces, including a short novel and the prologue to what will be his next major book. This is the perfect place to start reading Delaney, in fact, if you aren't

a sci-fi fan, this is perhaps a very good place to sample science fiction literature—the whole field—which is what Delaney really represents.

If you like your sci-fi in small doses, Brian Aldiss's new anthology of short stories, *New Arrivals*, *Old Encounters* (Avon, 1981, paperback, \$2.25), is just the thing. Aldiss can get you into a story with a few broad, but lightening quick, strokes of the pen. And, as he holds a rather satiric view of man in the future-worlds, his tales can be witty as much as they are science fiction.

Charles R. Musgrave

FLESH & MEAT

Boyd McDonald, the editor of a small magazine called *Straight To Hell*, says in the introduction to the second anthology of that lucid publication to be published by Gay Sunshine Press (1981, 192 pages, trade paperback, \$10.), "There are no born straights, but many act straight. We don't like actors."

There is no 'acting' in *Straight To Hell*, or *Meat* (the first anthology) or in *Flesh* (the second anthology). In fact, I can't think of any place where I have witnessed such a suspension of illusion. Certainly not on the best seller list.

Flesh continues where *Meat* left off, gathering together more and more of the reader-written sagas of desire and gratification that have appeared in the underground magazine over the years. And the nice thing about it, for the first-time reader, is not even knowing if these are the 'gems' or just random samplings. It really doesn't matter—each individual revelation is a litany of unsurpassed homosexuality that is unmatched anywhere else—not among the great gay novelists or the great gay documentarians. *Flesh* is the pure and simple truth, untrembling.

McDonald is a mightier voice than has heretofore been recognized. As a gay theorist, he stands with a small group of names that constantly deserve attention: Michael Denny, John Rechy, Jean-Paul Genet. Among this quartet everything worth considering is being eloquently expounded. McDonald is no lesser right-on in his analysis of the gay condition.

Expect to say up all night reading *Flesh*. Expect a sore hand (unless you own an Accu-jack) and an enlightened perspective on what is really important after all when you've finished. No angelic choruses here, no wailing of violins, just the honest sounds of flesh responding.

—Charles Musgrave




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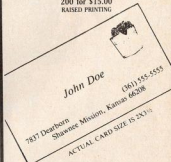


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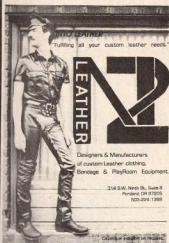
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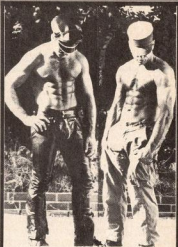
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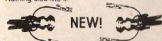


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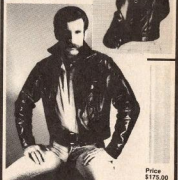
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THE RAPE OF THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT

There are so many things that just don't quite make it in the long-awaited *The French Lieutenant's Woman* that it could be summed up in two simple sentences: If you never read John Fowles's book, you won't understand what all the hoopla is about (and) If you read Fowles's book, you'll understand what the film is about. Whether you like it or not is a horse of a different color.

Fowles is, perhaps, the finest living novelist in the English-speaking language. Three of his books, each unique and extraordinarily written, have gained tremendous popular success; itself an anomaly given how intelligent and imaginative a writer Fowles is and how pedestrian best-seller tastes are. *The Collector*, his short, eerie, ironic little story of a man who collects a young woman like he collects butterflies was denounced, on the one hand, as the most sexist example of heterosexual pornography and praised, on the other, as one of the most disquieting examinations of social mores. It made its way to the screen intact. Although the film was, by reasons of cinematic necessity, less introspective than the novel—its straightforward narrative style carried all the cathartic patterns of psyche of the original. It was enough, in this case, to see what Fowles had written to understand his intentions.

The Magus, his grand and mystical novel that stemmed from four lines of a poem by T.S. Eliot, was a spectacular mess when it arrived on the screen. Audiences that knew the book hated the film, and rightfully so. Audiences that had never read *The Magus* hadn't the foggiest notion what they were seeing, and rightfully so. But bringing *The Magus* to the screen was an impossible task best not undertaken.

Now, the horse of a different color, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. There is about this reconstructed Victorian story the grandest air of romance, a fact that probably propelled it to its steller popularity among the ironingboard set. A couple million women imagined themselves to be Sarah Woodruff, the heroine, with her mysterious reputation, and her solitary walks along the seacoast of turn-of-the-century

England. But regardless of the attraction by the reader, *Woman* was always an intellectual maze that lead you to a single literary device; the obliteration of the boundaries

press a contortionist, has the distinction of a dual ending. None of these devices are new. Dickens appeared in some of his novels. Pauline Reange, in her singular master-



Charles/Mike (Jeremy Irons) tries to shake some meaning from Sarah/Ann's (Meryl Streep) madness, but to no avail, in John Fowles's story of morality and illusion, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

between character, writer, and reader. Fowles did this by entering the novel as a character (the character of the writer) and altering the end of the story. He does this by turning back the hands on his pocketwatch and having a fateful confrontation replayed. While he is doing this, he explores the possibility that authors do not create, that they record what is created within their perception. A simple premise, that characters in fiction are not really fictional characters, but have lives of their own, which they dictate to the 'author'.

The novel, already filled with twists and turns that would hard

piece *The Story of O*, wrote not only multiple endings, but multiple beginnings—then came back years later and created yet another solution in the form of a new novel that was to be the last ending of them all. But what Fowles managed, in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, was to restructure a number of daring literary devices along a new grid, and—not to be slighted—create a moral environment alien to the contemporary reader by basing it on a fundamental issue of contemporary mores; the right of women to decide their own social and sexual destiny. This allowed Fowles to triple assault the reader's sensibilities:

with the issue of the novel itself, with the device of redefining 'creation' and 'creator', and with the device of literary deception (multiple endings).

All this worked well, extremely well, on the page. It is lost on the screen—no, it is raped for the screen into something designed to speak to an imagined audience-comprehension that underestimates both the intelligence of the audience and the ability of Fowles's work to stand 'as is'. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is not a cinematic version of the Fowles book, it is a variation on the major theme. To compensate, Harold Pinter wrote a new superstructure, a film within a film, for the sole purpose of using both of the endings: one of which is 'happy' and one of which is not 'happy' for one of the characters, but not necessarily 'unhappy' for the other character. Pinter's characters appear as (1) actors in a film based on Fowles's book and (2) the characters in the book—Sarah and Charles. However, the present-day couple (Meryl Streep as the actress Ann and Jeremy Irons as the actor Mike) are not parallels of Sarah and Charles, or even counterpointed personas. They just are. They are not on the screen for any great length of time, nor do we know very much about them. Needless to say, the rest of the actors' actresses appear as the other characters in the film being made. About their contemporary selves we know absolutely nothing; so, it was not Pinter's intention to create a parallel or a counterpoint anywhere. He just wanted, or was instructed, to find a way to use both endings. Why, you might well ask, not just film the book as it was written? I wonder. It isn't difficult, or too 'arty' (whereas the Pinter screenplay is artificial)—in fact, it's daring and exciting. But I don't movie-making works that way. Somewhere along the line it must have been decided that the work was too intelligent for the mass audience and it would have to be downwritten.

The direction isn't right—on either. Nor is it obvious why it fails (both screenwriter Harold Pinter and director Karel Reisz are at the head of their class—Reisz's *Who'll Stop the Rain* is a breathtaking example of the director's ability to use riveting performances with a demanding plot). While some of the overall problems lay with the screenplay, Reisz still only gets a pained performance out of Streep—looking and sounding more like a madonna without child than the internally-

inspired and calculating Sarah. When Streep is Anna, the actress, she is Meryl Streep. Jeremy Irons really holds the film together, and his performance as Charles bears a great deal of resemblance to the book's character. His 'Mike'—well, who knows. We don't know anything about Mike anyway.

John Fowles said his inspiration for this monumental book was a single visual image of a woman in a dark cape turning her head away to look out at a troubled sea. You'll see Meryl Streep do that a number of times in this film. It only works once—and *The French Lieutenant's Woman* only works on the printed page.

John W. Rowberry

FATHER AND SON

One of the finest films you are likely to see in 1981 is not a talked-about, well-advertised Hollywood-style opus—not an American auteur mini-masterpiece; the film isn't even American. Nor is it a product of the legendary European cinema. Ironically, the film, *Father and Son*, is from Hong Kong—a country that is known, if at all in the film world, for B-grade kung fu garbage that usually fills the screens of minority-neighborhood theatres with a steady parade of fists smashing into faces amid badly dubbed soundtracks.

From the land of Bruce Lee and Sonny Chiba comes a small, quiet, humanistic story of the relationship between a lower-working-class father and his rebel son. Simplistic? Of course. Hundreds of films have been made about the difference between the parental class and the minor class. But never, I repeat, never has such a study been examined with so much honesty, intelligence, and compassion.

Fong Yuk Ping (Alan Fong, in America), the director, is a native of Hong Kong who attended the UCLA film school in 1971 to learn American film technique. Until then, he had been living the largely autobiographical plot of *Father and Son*. After five years in California, he returned to Hong Kong and went to work for a television station, where he directed a series of dramas called *Below the Lion Rock*. Two of the episodes were selected as entries in a number of international exhibitions and one of them was awarded a prize in 1977. He left television in 1979 to work as a film director. His first feature, *Father and Son*, was released this year.

The film was set to play the prestigious Hong Kong Film Festival and

was suggested by the staff as the opening film. The Hong Kong festival earns its prestige from its aggressive stance as a film marketplace, not from its program. The ruling board, the HK Urban Council, rejected the film as an opening night event, in fact—they threw the film out of the festival entirely. Why? Speculation is that the environment of the film, the squatters that live around the edges of Hong Kong, are too much an embarrassment, the film shames the internationally upward-mobile sensibilities of the HK's. The film, instead, opened at a local theatre during the Festival and drew capacity crowds.

Father and Son is indeed a film set in poverty—but one filled with a universal sense of belonging and care that quickly becomes myth shattering; one can be economically poor but still be rich in self value. And while the fulcrum of the film is the inability of the father to understand his son and the inability of the son to reach his father on an intellectual level (the fulcrum of countless families, time out of mind)—it never treats its characters nor its subject as melodrama. Each episode, each scene is a finely etched combination of Oriental art and Greek drama. And while tears come easily watching this film, they are tears of understanding and admiration.

The only professional actor in the cast of *Father and Son* is Shek Lu as the father, and his performance is nothing short of brilliant, masterful; whatever accolade you wish. Were it eligible for an Academy Award it could not go unacknowledged.

The film was brought to America by the San Francisco International Film Festival, and chances are slim it will get widespread distribution; a crying shame when one film like *Father and Son* is worth twenty films like *Mommie Dearest* or *Ordinary People*.

—John W. Rowberry

DRUMMER'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC Issue No. 48

If you haven't figured out the Double Crostic that appeared on the DRUMSTICKS page of Drummer No. 48 by now, we'll send you the answers if you'll send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Drummer, 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

If you have worked out this kinky criss cross, but want to make sure you're the genius you think you are, then we'd suggest you send for the answers, too.

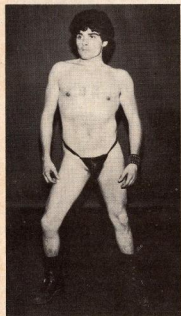
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TOUGH 'TIT'

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you're into heavy piercing, Jim wants to get into you. Write: Jim B., 3210 Forest Hill, No. 1503, Montreal, PQ H3V 1C7, Canada.



TOUGH 'CUNT'

Mike Turilli claims he's *Drummer's* first 'Tough Cunt', and maybe he is. He says that his demanding ass is waiting to be pounded by anything over 8 inches. Wanna tell him you measure up? Write to Mike at: Box 8942, Warwick, RI 02888.



TOUGH 'DADDY'

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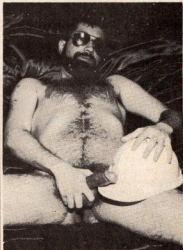
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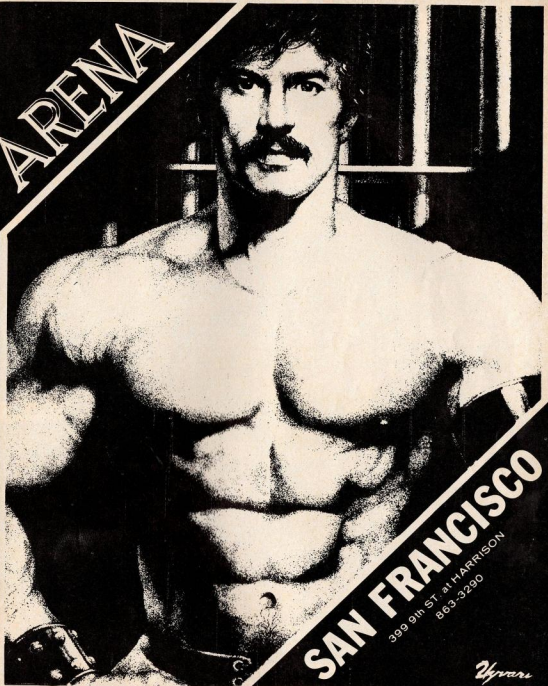


TOUGH 'COP'

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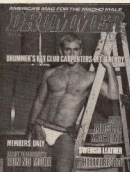
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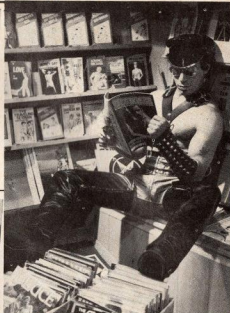
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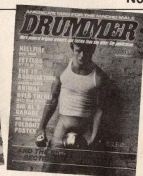


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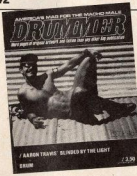


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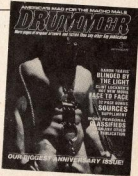
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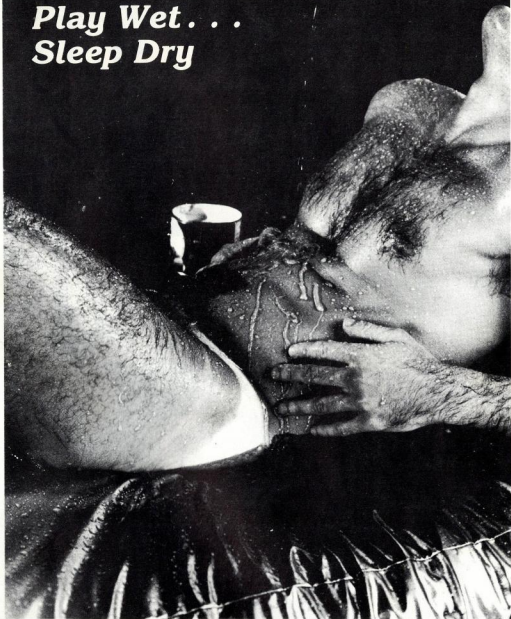




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